

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 31, 1941

WHO'S WHO

JAMES H. TURNER is a Boston lawyer who has made a special study of what he terms the machinery of government. He raises a question that may become increasingly insistent and troublesome. . . . BRUCE JOLLY is a new contributor, from Indianapolis. His observations seem fairly indicative of the trend of thinking in most parts of the country. . . . MARY VAUGHN adds a woman's view on the grim question of war. Despite the care of three small sons, she manages to do an increasing amount of writing for Catholic periodicals. . . . DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J., has many and diverse interests, such as director of the Spiritual Book Associates, as treasurer of the America Press, as an editor of Newman's sermons and prayers. Formerly, as an authority on university standards of scholarship, he paid particular attention to medical schools. . . . CARLTON J. H. HAYES is a professor of history at Columbia University and author of notable historical works. He is co-chairman, representing Catholics, of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. His statement is made in conjunction with the controversy that has been carried on in these pages during the past few months. . . . ARTHUR BROWN is the pen name of a Lithuanian priest. He happened to be in the United States when Lithuania was invaded, and has thus not been permitted to return to his country. . . . KATHERINE BREGY offers another of her end-of-the-month essays. . . . LEONARD FEENEY and the poets end our issues for May with an all-out tribute to Mary.

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Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

*Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,
JOHN A. TOOMEY, HAROLD C. GARDINER, J. GERARD MEARS.*

Treasurer: DANIEL M. O'CONNELL. Circulation Director: DANIEL L. FITZGERALD.

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COMMENT

RECENT "overwhelming" decision of the 80,000 Ford Motor Company workers, at River Rouge and the Lincoln plant, in favor of organization under the C.I.O., need not cause over-astonishment. It was humanly impossible for any great industrial organization, however benevolently conducted, to withstand the universal trend to unionism. Still less need it arouse exultation, for labor's victory is labor's grave responsibility. Rejoicing over projected collective bargains needs to be tempered by the thought that here is supreme opportunity for the C.I.O. to lay at rest, by its exercise of reason and justice, further charges of Communist domination.

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GRIEF has never ceased to fill loyal Communist hearts, that the palmy days of the Popular Front failed to attract to its ranks all those who detested Fascism and Nazism and were devotees of social justice. Many a Communist heart today is in mourning that peace-loving Catholics and patriotic Americans who oppose our country's rushing into war refuse to be fooled by the loud professions of Party-liners who clamor for peace and denounce "imperialist war." Most alert Americans are sufficiently schooled by this time in Communist party tactics to penetrate these disguises and see how civil war at all times, and international war when it suits their convenience, are wholly acceptable to the apostles of social and religious destruction. But while Communists grieve, let not Nazis rejoice. The Popular Front is available to the swastika quite as readily as to the hammer and crescent. Our American love of peace did not prevent our applauding when Stalin was chased out of Spain. By the same token, it implies no lessening or softening of our determination that Hitler's grip must and shall be wrenched loose from the nations that he has already ground beneath his heel, our grim resolve that he shall gain no foothold in deed or thought upon the shores of the New World. Since that is our mind, let that mind be apparent. Let no crumb of comfort fall to the Nazi any more than to the Communist at efforts to keep America out of war.

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BABASSU nuts are probably nutritious and palatable. After this is all over we would like to go to a quiet little spot in Mississippi and raise them. But in the present crisis, when grim billions loom up as the cost of defense, it seems that their cultivation and development can be left for happier days. Senator Bilbo wants legislation and money to provide monthly statistics on cottonseed, peanuts, copra, sesame seed, babassu nuts and like products. Other interests would doubtless want expensive reports on ironware, firewood and old tin trays. Represen-

tative Colmer urges a bill for \$1,000,000 to buy canned oysters. \$15,000 appropriated for a stronger onion may seem to be a trifle, until you start thinking of what sacrifices are entailed on the part of poor people who scrape that amount together to keep their houses. For the present, at least, they will be satisfied with onions as they are. Federal judges struggle along pretty well on salaries ranging from \$10,000 to \$20,500. Representative O'Toole thinks it fitting to raise these from \$15,000 to \$35,000. At a time when the young men of the country are leaving good jobs to serve the country for \$21 a month, Mr. O'Toole's gesture of good will and genial generosity, seems ill-timed. Again, we all want our boys and girls apple-cheeked but at this point, \$86,000,000 for the next six years and \$24,000,000 annually thereafter for promotion of 4-H clubs, seems excessive. If we left this sum with their fathers and mothers, the end might be better attained.

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THE use of Government monies for the promotion and encouragement of various projects is certainly proper when the Government is solvent and has money to spare. Under the present terrific financial strain of defense it is hard to see why the lawmakers are not taking seriously the warning of Secretary Morgenthau and his plan for a billion-dollar cut in non-defense expenditure. The patriotism of these free-handed gentlemen is probably not in question but they seem to feel like little boys out on a picnic with a rich uncle. Let them look to the future and the awful prospect of a bankrupt nation and an impoverished people. There is more danger in that prospect than in all alien and subversive activities of the enemies of this country today. Extravagance in government will do their work for them.

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TO date, according to the news letter of the American Association on Indian Affairs, 574 Indians have enlisted voluntarily and 37 have been inducted into the military service. Eighteen years of medical reform and a changed governmental policy have brought dividends in a tremendous contrast between the miserable physical condition of 1917 and the fine health of Indian recruits in 1941. Use is being made of the ancient Indian languages. The 168th Infantry, finding eight competent Sac and Fox Indians in its ranks, put them all in the communications section, handling the two-way portable radios, so that all communications sent on the air are broadcast in a language which it is not likely any enemy will be able to decode. One of the crack motorized artillery units, Battery E, 127th Field Artillery, is all Indians. Serious objections to the

draft have been encountered in only two instances: the Seminoles in Florida, many of whom still claim they are at war with the United States; and some of the Iroquois, who claim to be an independent state, ready to volunteer, but not subject to compulsion. Considering the record of the nation's treatment of the Indian, the patriotism of America's truest Americans is a lesson in the wisdom of showing generous and intelligent consideration to a minority.

WITH the publication this year of the revised text of the New Testament, interest naturally attaches to the last previous revision and to the man responsible for it. It is just 192 years since Bishop Richard Challoner of London brought out his revised New Testament in 1749. His Old Testament was published the following year. The original Douai version of the Bible was 150 years old when Bishop Challoner commenced his task of putting it into what was then modern, up-to-date English. That his revision has functioned admirably for 192 years, despite the natural evolution of a living language, furnishes an indication of the scholarship and solidity of his work. Bishop Challoner lived in parlous times in England. The Catholic Church was still enduring persecution. The Catholic Disabilities Act was still in force. Bishop Challoner, who lived in a house near Queen Square, London, had to move about disguised as a layman. Just the year before his death, the fierce, anti-Catholic Gordon riots exploded. Bishop Challoner died January 12, 1781, at the venerable age of ninety. In an Anglican registry book this record was entered: "Buried the Rev. Richard Challoner, a Popish priest and Titular Bishop of London and Salisbury, a very pious and good man of great learning and extensive abilities."

INESCAPABLY a situation keeps arising which is embarrassing to non-Catholics, since it is directly of their own creation; embarrassing to Catholics, because of the light in which it places American Catholicism in other countries. The American Institute, it is reported by Harold Callender from Bolivia, may have to close its doors from lack of funds. It teaches some 300 children at La Paz and Cochabamba. Two-thirds of the teachers and of the children are Catholics, but the Institute itself relies for support on Methodist mission funds in the United States. At the same time, writes Mr. Callender, the Germans have a "prosperous school" in the same locality, occupying a new building and serving Bolivian as well as German pupils. American Protestantism, as a matter of export, has apparently not succeeded in winning South American hearts to any preference for North American democracy and culture. Protestants cannot be expected to provide support for Catholic schools in Bolivia. Catholics in this country are unable to do so, in view of the burden already carried by us in providing schools at home where our children may learn of Christ and God. But the plain fact remains that non-Catholic North America is helpless in

dealing with Catholic Bolivia; and that Catholic North America alone possesses an effective weapon for combating Nazism in South America.

JUST what was the motive of Rudolf Hess in flying to Scotland is still shrouded in mystery. Among the many suppositions advanced to explain the world-shaking flight was the one which declared he hoped to inflame the Scottish Nationalist Party into rebellion against the London Government. The fact that he selected Scotland as his destination, when he could have flown to almost any other nearby land, appeared to lend some color to this interpretation. If such was the object of Hess, he was certainly grossly misinformed. The last thing in the world desired by the Scottish Nationalist Party is total separation from England. Though it does work for a Scottish parliament and home rule for Scotland, it wants all this to be definitely within the Empire and under the reigning King of England. The union of Scotland and England has held together for more than two centuries, having become effective on May 1, 1707, and there never has been a time when this union was more ardently supported by the people of the two lands than it is at present. If Hess had selected the Orangemen of Ulster as potential rebels against the London regime, he would not have exhibited more abyssmal ignorance of the actual state of affairs. Since it is highly doubtful that Hess could be so misinformed, the reason for his flight seems to lie elsewhere.

PUGIN'S fine cathedral of Saint George at Southwark, in London, has been destroyed recently by German bombs, and the Archbishop, Most Rev. Peter Amigo, finds no church in his diocese that will serve as a pro-cathedral. The damage is estimated at about one million dollars. Manning's old pro-cathedral, the great Church of Our Lady of Victories, at Kensington in the West End, was completely destroyed last year. And the Catholic Cathedral of Saint David in Cardiff, seat of the Metropolitan of Wales, also has been destroyed by bombs. Altogether fifty-eight Catholic churches in England and Wales have been either destroyed or seriously damaged by bombs, among them the beautiful church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs in the university city of Cambridge. Catholic churches damaged but not destroyed number 135. Westminster Cathedral had a narrow escape when a bomb exploded within a hundred yards of the cathedral and shook the building. The Benedictine Priory church in a western London suburb was reduced to a pile of rubble, while the famous Jesuit church at Farm Street has been bombed no fewer than three times. The German church of Saint Boniface in the East End of London, which was consecrated by the late Cardinal Schulte of Cologne is destroyed by bombs, and the German Fathers of the parish have had to seek shelter elsewhere. The fine stained-glass window in the Harvard Memorial Chapel, by the American artist, John LaFarge, has been reported shattered.

NEVER too late, but none too early, Catholic cultural groups are being organized to visit Latin America. The Institute of Ibero-American Studies, of the Catholic University of America together with the Charles Carroll Forums of Chicago and Washington, D. C., has arranged for a Mexican Seminar leaving Chicago July 16 for a fifteen-day tour, with optional continuations. The Rev. Dr. James A. Magner, at the Catholic University, is the organizer and guide. The first Catholic seminar to Lima, Peru, has been arranged for under the auspices of the *Sign*. There will be three groups, sailing June 6, June 20 and July 4: with the Rev. Theophane Maguire, C.P., Editor of the *Sign*, as organizer.

SUMMER schools will flourish this year as never before, for never has the need been so keenly felt. Summer sessions will be offered by 113 Catholic universities, colleges and normal schools, and it is expected that the number will reach 120. Catholic summer schools last year enrolled 44,706 students.

THERE are ladies and ladies, as we are all aware. But the difference between them is seldom pointed out as clearly and briefly as was recently done by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston: ●

There are a great many women who are not Catholics. They have the good sense to see that after all there is a difference between a Christian lady—and I am not using the word "lady" in a social sense, but I am talking now about a woman who really has the code of a lady, who has her own idea of what is becoming—and a lady whose life is ruled by "fashion."

It does not take money to show a noble soul. . . . The trouble is that the women who have leisure and some money are apt to forget that they are doubly bound to give good example.

The Cardinal was speaking to the Fifth Diocesan Women's Congress.

FOR centuries Catholics have been ignored in officially Lutheran Scandinavia. All the more startling, therefore, to read in Sweden's weekly news digest that the Catholics of Denmark, Finland and Sweden recently took part, along with various State Church representatives, in the General Church Convention which was held in Sweden under the presidency of the Swedish Lutheran Archbishop Erling Eidem. "Like a sword through the heart," said the Archbishop, was the fact that Norway could send no representatives. Catholic participation was thought to be a great step forward toward Church unity.

RECENT research is bringing a wider vision of the American historical scene, claims the Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Code, in *Thought* for June, 1941. Not just the wild frontiersmen, but the finest flower of Old World culture, as shown in the early missionaries and members of the American Catholic episcopate were the main builders of the pioneer days. "The American Hierarchy," says Dr. Code, "reveals definite lines of contact, social, cultural and religious, with the best that is in the Old World.

Indeed, it is a channel by which much that is worthwhile in western civilization is transmitted to the United States." In Dr. Code's view, "one of the most striking contributions of the American Hierarchy to the cultural development of this country" has been its consistent interest in schools.

APPOINTMENT of the Most Rev. James Joseph Sweeney of San Francisco to the newly formed See of Honolulu was announced on May 20. The Hawaiian Islands were raised to the status of a diocese last February. Out of 400,000 persons, 120,000 are Catholic.

ANNOUNCEMENT is welcome that the N.C.W.C. News Service has inaugurated an Ibero-American section which is issuing *Noticias Catolicas*, in Spanish and Portuguese. Inauguration of this service follows many weeks of careful study and preparation. Numerous members of the Hierarchy in Ibero-American countries have expressed their warm approval of the enterprise. Availability of this new source of Catholic information has been brought directly to the attention of some 1,200 individuals, seminaries, universities, schools, Catholic Action groups and institutions in Ibero-America. Carlos A. Siri is editor of the *Noticias*. To quote President Roosevelt's remarks in 1933: "It is only in this manner that we can hope to build up a system in which confidence, friendship and good will are the cornerstones."

RURAL parishes, so long considered a place to "get out of," are now valued as a rich investment for true Catholicism. According to the *Catholic School Journal* for May, the Catholic Rural Life Conference of the Archdiocese of St. Louis spent \$41,520.99 in the year 1939-1940, for such interesting items as a new high-school bus, rural school-building repairs, Sisters' salaries, religious vacation schools, etc. In seven years, eleven rural parish schools were established and 23 helped. May 4 to 11, estimated crowds of between 13,000 and 15,000 people, Catholics and non-Catholics, attended a series of five Rural Social Action meetings in Western North Dakota, under the sponsorship of the Most Rev. Vincent J. Ryan, Bishop of Bismarck. Right, as well as duty, of the Church to deal with economic problems was vigorously vindicated by the Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, at the closing sessions of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, which held thronged sessions there in commemoration of the Social Encyclicals. Said the Archbishop:

The Church, when dealing with these subjects, is not dealing with economics; she is talking religion. Her business is to see that men's behavior conforms to religious principles. It is neither the mission nor the business of the Church to deal with economics as such, but she will not abdicate the right to teach religion as it bears upon economic life.

Meyer Kestenbaum, president of Hart-Schaffner and Marx, pointed to his industry's thirty years without strike or lock-out as an example of how organized labor can successfully cooperate with organized management.

CONGRESS CAN DECLARE— BUT CAN IT PREVENT WAR?

JAMES H. TURNER

NO one will deny that since last fall, when the Presidential candidates pledged us to a course of peace, we have come closer to war. Some voices have it that we are already in. But unless we have dispensed entirely with the Constitution, Congress still has the power to make the final declaration. While we have the time and the liberty to ask it openly, what does this power amount to?

What Americans think of this power is determined by what they think of the war itself. To those who want war, and hence, according to the polls, a small minority, the power is an obstacle. To those who do not, the great majority of Americans, the power is a bulwark. In the latter case, it is timely to know how strong this bulwark is, and how it may be strengthened. A glimpse at the record, therefore, is of high importance.

Toward the end of the last century, Lord Bryce, then British Ambassador here, wrote his "American Commonwealth," often regarded as the classic on our form of government. With characteristic clear-sightedness, he discussed the war-making power in the Government:

The President cannot declare war, for that belongs to the Congress, though to be sure he may, as President Polk did in 1845-6, bring affairs to a point at which it is hard for Congress to refrain from the declaration.

Enlarging upon the relative power of Congress and the President in foreign affairs, he went on:

Practically, however, and for the purposes of ordinary business, the President is independent of the House, while the Senate, though it can prevent him from settling anything, *cannot prevent him from unsettling everything*. . . . [He] retains an unfettered initiative, by means of which *he may embroil the country abroad and excite passion at home*. (Italics mine.)

From this it would appear that our bulwark is none too much protection against war when pressure is put on it.

The example cited by Lord Bryce, the Mexican War, has been followed in our later foreign wars. If the power to declare war gave Congress any effective control over war or peace, it might well have prevented the Spanish-American War. Popularly, it was believed that the struggle was against the tyranny of Spain and for the liberation of the oppressed Cubans. In truth, however, Spain was so anxious to avoid the war that she was willing to grant Cuba complete independence, and even to cede the island to us, concessions known to Presi-

dent McKinley before he sent his war message to Congress.

In view of these facts, which may be found in any history written for adults, it is now clear that the popular reason for the war falls far short of explaining the real causes.

Many facts concerning the last war were rather generally agreed upon until the present fog of propaganda moved in. Histories written when men were more disposed to think, did not deny that the true causes of the war were little known at the time to the public at large. That it was decidedly not a clash of irreconcilable enemies may be gathered from the post-War words of Lloyd George. "It was something into which they [the statesmen] glided, or rather staggered or stumbled, perhaps through folly, and a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it." In 1917, nevertheless, as in 1898 and 1846, Congress was made to act as though there were no choice but an appeal to arms. Walter Millis, in his *Road to War*, concludes that, in the opinion of competent observers, Congress had been dragooned into declaring war by the President and the newspapers. Again, the bulwark failed.

Any résumé of a complex subject runs the risk of appearing too facile. In passing, therefore, it should be said that this is no attempt to oversimplify history, and certainly no charge that our Presidents have wanted war. It is now widely held that, on the contrary, McKinley and Wilson were genuinely against war; and there is no doubt that the latter sacrificed his health for the ideal of world peace.

And what of the present? For all we know, the subject of Congressional power to declare war may now be academic. We may well be about to follow the modern pattern of making war openly without declaring it. Alsop and Kintner, columnists said to be close to the White House, recently stated that if the President's decision is to fight, the declaration of war will be only a formality or may even be omitted altogether. This statement has much evidence to support it, but even if Congress should go through the formality, there is no reason to suppose that the procedure will differ from what it has heretofore been. With the executive stronger and the legislative weaker than ever before in time of peace, we may indeed look for a still further drop in the ebbing war powers of Congress.

Many Americans, not knowing these facts, overrate the power of Congress. Disarmed by the re-

sulting sense of security, they think it unnecessary to write to official Washington to oppose measures that have always brought war. Power to declare war, to them, is power to prevent war. They might as well believe that the baby is not born until it is christened. They do not see that a declaration of war is merely the last in a long series of steps toward war, and does little more than confirm a state of hysteria created, for the most part, by elements outside Congress.

Some Americans, on the other hand, underrate the power of Congress. Turning cynic, and believing their democratic rights to be useless, they refuse to make their opinions known to their Congress. They are thus undermining those rights no less than they who fail to use them for the opposite reason. Both are immobilized. Both reach the same evil, but by different roads. Both fail to see that the political power they neglect will be seized by others, very likely to destroy democracy; and that a power neglected is a power weakened, if not already lost.

It is hard to make this truth too clear. Every American who is still against our entry into foreign war and who fails to make his sentiments known to his President and Congressmen is helping to deliver the country to the makers of war. If he fails to do so because he trusts the Government too much, there is, nevertheless, hope for him. Being still receptive, he may yet learn the truth and act upon it.

The cynic, however, with his closed mind, needs a special word. He has lost faith in the possibilities of democracy. His original faith, the modern faith, was that all progress is in a straight line. When his theory of progress ran foul of the widespread political and social decay exposed by the present war, he ceased to believe in progress.

This do-nothing cynicism, however, is in marked contrast with the attitude of the founding fathers. Look into their writings. Surely, they had reason to be cynical. Note their familiarity with human sordidness, in all the ages—the wars, the corruption, the fate of empires. But they could keep on top of a bitter fact. Again and again, they began an essay with a parade of man's misdeeds, and ended with an affirmation of faith in government by consent. In history they fixed no *ne plus ultra*; dated no moralities from an epoch convenient to their reputations. In history they had the long view. And they used history, not as a wailing wall but as a guide to constructive action.

Now it is constructive to realize that Congress, weak as it has been, can prevent war, but only on one condition—if it has public support. It is unreasonable to lament the impotence of Congress while withholding the support that would make it strong. Americans might be alert in giving this support if they knew how sorely it is needed. The lobbies, the scramble for patronage, the bewildering pace of events, all these exert terrific pressure on the holder of public office, even in time of peace. In time of war it is all but overwhelming. Only a rare man can resist it. Lincoln, with all his force of character, admitted he had been controlled by

events. President Roosevelt could give us a hint in calmer days. In August of 1936, he said:

We can keep out of war if those who watch and decide have a sufficiently detailed understanding of international affairs to make certain that the small decisions of each day do not lead to war, and if, at the same time, they possess the courage to say "No" to those who selfishly and unwisely would let us go to war.

To such pressures, many of them undemocratic, all who fail to make vocal their opposition to war abandon their President and their Congressmen.

Cardinal Newman once addressed a group faced with an uphill struggle. "I trust," he said, "that we are not the men to do nothing because we cannot do everything." The words strike home today. It is true that as individuals we can do little to prevent war, but we may do something. The hour is late, yes, but it will never be earlier. Above all, we must not forget the might of public opinion. Even the dictators nurse it carefully. Few governments chance war, heedless of public opinion. The Czar, for one, did so in 1914. What happened is history. Each of us, in this respect, has power. Our collective opinion is largely against being involved in this war. Each of us is a member of the public; each of us has an opinion. Official Washington should receive it.

THE UNDERTOW OF FUTILE PESSIMISM

BRUCE JOLLY

SITTING across from me in a restaurant on the main street of a small, mid-Western college town was a young man whose real name is Smith. I had known him two years before when he left for Europe to study, armed with an exchange scholarship. Today, more than a year after his return, he was a changed man, matured to the point that my respect for him increased one hundred per cent.

He talked slowly, in his deep, restrained voice. The collar of a tan, rather well worn polo coat hovered at the base of his well-kept hair. He looked more immaculate, more sure of himself, than he had when I last saw him. This was his outlook:

I see no hope. I see nothing but chaos. The United States we know today is going to disappear no matter what our outcome is in the war we are bound to enter. I think we face defeat, but whether we win or lose, the consequences are going to be more devastating than anyone can foresee. When we enter the war it will be a magnificent gesture more intellectually sound than our gesture of 1918, but the same mess, more intensified, will be the inevitable result.

I might not agree, but I listened. I listened in part because his experiences and intellectual background demanded respect, but more because I was inter-

ested in what he, as a representative of the thinking group of university students in the United States, might have to say.

His opinion alone is inadequate. There are as many diversified opinions in the colleges today as there are in the House and Senate. One factor of which much is made is that the student is thinking. But thought processes are not confined to thinking university students, by any means.

Every intelligent person I know is concentrating on all the factors in today's world problems. And in every conclusion, or partial conclusion, there is an unrest, a sense of futility.

One weekend recently I visited a large city in which a majority of the population is German. While I was there I met a one-time Broadway actor and minor producer who is now in radio. He is of recent German extraction. He, too, expressed a sense of fear when, still with a pronounced, resonant accent, he said:

I do not despise the German people. I admire them in many ways. But I do hate what they represent now. Yet, do you realize that if the United States enters this war, and it seems inevitable to me that it will, just what the reaction against me, a good citizen, will be? In nearly every quarter I will be looked upon with some suspicion. I hate the thought.

It is nothing any of us can look forward to with much pleasure. Will our prejudices again carry us to the point where, like Germany under Hitler's prejudices against the Jewish people, we will scorn Beethoven and Wagner, and bar the teaching of the German language from our schools? It is very likely. But that is just one reason for the prevailing sense of unrest.

In an interview recently one rather successful young professional man who faces immediate compulsory training told me: "From all indications I conceive my life span dropping from about seventy years to a little more than thirty if developments continue as I think they will. It does not leave much to which I can look forward, does it?"

He and my college friend are sensible persons. Throughout the period of tension the United States faces they can be expected to maintain a certain sense of equilibrium. But what will happen to what is left of the moral fiber of our less well educated stock of young people, those whose bases of judgment are builded on comparatively sandy foundations, when they became aware of these same problems?

This, I feel, is one of the most vital issues in the United States resulting from the general chaos in today's world. And it seems to me that it has been given but too little consideration. Yet it may contain a psychological effect that can and is causing more real havoc than this country's reaction to all of Europe's bombing.

I quoted Elmer Davis, political news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System, in a paper for which I worked, as saying: "We in the United States must keep our minds open and flexible, expecting changes no one can predict. When these changes come the nation must be psychologically ready."

Mr. Davis sounded much like my college friend

when the latter talked to me months later, as he continued: "Whether England or Germany wins, the present European conflict will bring to this country and the rest of the world something entirely different from the order we now know."

If such predictions are true, and if we are heading toward a new era for which we must be psychologically ready, then we cannot allow our thoughts to hover around a sense of futility, as they tend to do today. There must be some optimism, some courage, some visions of better things to come.

One friend of mine, a former newspaper man now on a Senator's staff in Washington, is an ardent non-interventionist. He almost pleads as he says in his arguments: "Can we not be sensible? Don't we realize that we face the same devastating mistake we made in 1917? Let's not make fools of ourselves again. If we do, there is no hope for this country."

An even better friend, a young Jewish medical student with whom I live, goes to the other extreme, along with the majority of my acquaintances:

In spite of the fact that we went to Europe during the last war to protect the interests of certain financiers there, there is still an undeniable moral issue concerning democracy and imperialism that was solved successfully for twenty years. We must do it again, or there is no hope.

And Elmer Davis concluded: "There are many things I cannot tell you, but there is one thing of which I am sure. There is no security, there is no finality."

Throughout his discussion Davis' purpose seemed clear, as I listened to him talk. He did not want to build up any sense of false security. He tried successfully to shock his listeners into a complete realization of the tremendous problem the world faces, and the United States' need for participating in the solution.

The purpose itself is most worthy. We need to sense the dangers we face.

But a program of counter-propaganda also needs to be set up. It should be concentrated on one factor alone. That is the alleviation of the "futility" reaction, the ending of our gradual acceptance of the Omar Khayyam interpretation: *Live today, for tomorrow you may die.*

The same laxity that prevailed following the first World War is already becoming more and more evident today. Everywhere there is a trend toward a "devil-may-care" recklessness that somehow resembles the hectic and febrile temper of the early Twenties.

A reaction of that kind, if it is allowed to become general, can be of more hindrance to moral growth, to integrity, and to a nation's general welfare, from a psychological standpoint, at least, than nearly any other factor. The results of this war are going to be devastating enough as it is, and some spotlights must be aimed at the future. One can not begin a period of reconstruction with a nation full of young and not so young people who are saying helplessly and hopelessly: "What is the use, anyway?"

A LETTER FROM JIMMIE: SPRING, 1941

MARY VAUGHN

THE sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the world is lush with lilac and lily. This afternoon I am going to a bridge party in a gay new print and a ridiculous hat loaded with flowers. The war and its destruction seem almost as remote as those I read about in history books years ago. It is a very sweet and beautiful world.

The mailman is coming up the walk and eagerly I stretch forth my hand for the letter which he holds out to me. I tear it open and there at the top of the page embossed in gold are two crossed canon. The letter is from Jimmie.

Jimmie was to have been married in May, but came the draft and so, instead, one April day he found himself inducted into the United States Army. Jimmie has never been one to complain. He has taken what seemed like a pretty bad break with a smile, and his letter was a simple, unembittered account of camp life. But words were unnecessary to form the picture of contrast between it and civilian living. "Early to bed and early to rise, you know," he wrote jokingly, "should make me healthy, wealthy and wise." But 5:30 to 9:30 seemed to me much like the hours of a religious community, and in fact the whole schedule for the day made me feel that life in a Trappist monastery would not be much harder. It takes but little imagination to realize what four hours a day marching in the hot sun and carrying seventy-five pounds of equipment (he wrote that the temperature is usually around ninety) would do by way of blisters and sunburn to a crowd of tenderfoots used to office life.

Jimmie observed that "Perhaps this will make a man of me." Perhaps it will of him, for he is better fitted by temperament, training and the help of his religion to meet such a test than are many. In fact, when such an upheaval is brought about in one's life, religion is the biggest help of all in facing the thing. Perhaps the draftees more than anyone else are being presented with the opportunity to do the penance which the theologians tell us must needs be done if God is to send peace to the world which has in the past failed to be of "Good Will." And yet it is not quite fair for the rest of us to leave all the penance and sacrifice to them.

More, there is our duty to help the draftees as best we can by prayers and letters and the furnishing of literature and religious facilities. It seems that army kits for chaplains cost a pretty penny. Jimmie writes that Sunday brings three Masses at camp with nearly a thousand in attendance.

Probably a year in the Army will not hurt Jimmie. But will he be back in a year? That is a question we hardly dare ask ourselves. In fact, it is

much more comfortable these days to play ostrich, turn off our radios, lay down our newspapers and go on with our bridge parties and frivolities. And yet, there are so many questions which we can hardly help asking ourselves, questions for which it is very difficult to find the answer, in the face of so many conflicting reports and arguments.

One question which keeps persistently coming to mind is how should we as Catholics look at the thing. There are, as in any issue, those who say that religion does not enter into it. And yet we remember from ethics class something about the fact that every vital question is at basis an ethical question, and consequently a religious one. It is hard to see how the war can escape being such. Every question regarding rights and duties and ethics becomes involved.

As members of the Mystical Body have we the right to go lightly on when so many of its members are already being affected? In the recent Bishops' plea for funds for the refugees we heard much about "Christ in Exile." We need only go a little further to see in the situation Christ Crucified.

It would seem that we might hope to find our answer in the words of the Holy Father. Certainly he pleads for peace. Certainly Christ is King of Peace. And yet even the Holy Father does not ask peace at any price, but insists on a "just peace." Whether or not there will be any possibility of a just peace, if Germany wins, seems a debatable question. And just how the United States can best aid the outcome of a just peace is also a problem.

Few stopped to question our right to send materials to nations attempting to stem the Nazi surge against human liberties, yet if we have the right to send materials, does not there follow a corresponding right, nay a consequent duty to send men? But will men help? Will materials help a just peace? Are our motives and were the motives of Britain altruistic or economic? Are we aiding a just peace or merely prolonging war? Is the policy of isolation cowardly or unwise?

These are just a few of the questions which confuse the average citizen, which may well even more seriously present themselves to the Catholic. It is certain that our best hope for finding an answer to them lies in prayer.

And yet it is so easy to merely live along, as long as no bombshell falls in one's own garden. The Battle of Britain makes interesting, if horrible, reading if we can review it without personal concern.

The draft in theory may be a good thing, if it does not touch our own little existence. We can let the statesmen debate and stand on the attitude that nothing can be done about it—until it will be too late. We can vacillate and fail to form any right opinion, for it is so easy just to go along. And yet that letter from Jimmie disturbs us.

The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the world is lush with lilac and lily. This afternoon I am going to a bridge in a gay print and a silly hat. But Jimmie is marching with a seventy-five-pound pack in the boiling sun, and somewhere ranks of men are dying, and somewhere bombs are falling. It is not a very sweet, nor a very beautiful world.

A STATISTICAL SURVEY OF THE NEW MEN IN WHITE

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

DURING the recent trial of the "case of the United States of America vs. the American Medical Association, a Corporation, etc."—to quote from the formal document itself—both the prosecution as well as the defense witnesses admitted the great good done by the Association for the advancement of medical education in this country.

The latest proof is had in the statistics of Medical Licensure for 1940, published in the May 3, 1941, edition of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. There we find that 7,921 candidates, practically from all medical schools of the world, were examined during 1940 by medical boards of our 48 States, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. The following is a summary of the source of candidates examined, 1940:

Medical Schools	Number	Number Examined	Number Passed	Number Failed	Failure Percent
Approved, in United States	67	5,188	4,926	262	5.1
Approved, in Canada	9	163	130	33	20.2
Extinct	5	5	5	...	0.0
Foreign	106	2,092	948	1,144	54.7
Unapproved schools	16	473	273	200	44.4
Totals	203	7,921	6,282	1,639	20.7

Ruling out for obvious reasons medical schools that are extinct, those that are approved in the United States by the American Medical Association have an enviable record to their and the Association's credit: 5.1 per cent failures out of a total of 5,188 candidates examined. Again, 5.1 per cent failures compared to 44.4 per cent for failures in unapproved schools and to 54.7 per cent failures from foreign schools is an outstanding tribute to the efforts of the American Medical Association in its thirty years of endeavor to raise the standards of its approved schools and thus to assure the best doctors in the world. In addition it should be noted that medical schools approved by the American Medical Association had by far the largest number of candidates to be exposed as it were to the danger of failing, 5,188 out of the total of 7,921, almost two thirds of all applicants.

Compare this outstanding achievement with the poor showing made by the unapproved schools. The latter had 44.4 per cent of all failures. In the light of the above noted 5.1 per cent, the unapproved schools were outdistanced by more than eight lengths!

While there are many dangers in monopolies,

even educational ones, and while competition is the life of all human endeavors, in the present comparisons of ends attained it must be admitted that the American Medical Association in its care for medical students is—at its worst—a genuinely paternal monopoly, even "trust." The general public is benefited by an annual addition of doctors well versed in the science of their profession, to wit, the preservation and prolongation of human life.

A difficult factor to analyze in the above table of failures for 1940 is that of students from foreign schools. We see that their 54.7 per cent is really 10 per cent more than that of our unapproved schools (44.4 per cent) and more than ten times greater than that of the approved schools (5.1 per cent). And yet there are some distinguished foreign universities listed in this lamentable record. In illustration of the problem, I cite the following, as they only had forty or more physicians examined on the basis of credentials obtained in countries other than the United States and Canada during 1940:

	Total	Failure Percent
Czecho-Slovakia	Examined	age
Deutsche Universität, Prag	57	50.9
<i>Germany</i>		
Albert—Ludwigs—Univ. Freiburg	41	73.2
Fried.—Wilhelms—Univ. Berlin	191	58.15
Lud.—Maximil.—Univ. München	93	62.4
Sches.—Fried.—Univ. Breslau	52	36.5
Universität Heidelberg	66	54.5
Universität Wien	613	50.4
<i>Hungary</i>		
Magyar Kiralyi T.—I. T. Budapest	42	57.1
<i>Italy</i>		
Regia Univ. di Bologna	42	71.4
Regia Univ. di Napoli	41	73.2
Regia Univ. di Roma	48	70.8
<i>Scotland</i>		
Royal Colls., Edinburgh and Glasgow	71	28.2
<i>Switzerland</i>		
Universität Bern	52	50.0

Granting the capability of these several medical schools, the only apparent explanation of the failures registered against their alumni must be that of insuperable difficulty connected with examinations being held in the English language. This point of view seems to be confirmed by the record of Scotland, whose percentage of failures as noted above was only 28.2 per cent—not too much to boast about among American schools of medicine, but quite exceptional among the foreign schools represented by 1940 examinations held before our State Boards.

If the handicap of the English language is in reality so great, then we must wonder about the competence of all such foreign doctors practising in the United States. Will they be able to understand precisely the disease of their patients? This may prove to be more than an academic consideration. In the event of our entering the present war, so many of our native doctors might be absent on duty with our military forces that large numbers of our citizens would be forced to accept the services of foreign-born doctors, admitted, of course, to practise through examinations held in English. But the propaganda could easily be disseminated to allow all graduates of foreign medical schools to practise that profession during the emergency. The American Medical Association and similar groups would find it difficult to resist this pressure, despite the greater danger arising from the services of a doctor not fully cognizant with the disease of his patient. Let us hope that this possibility never becomes a reality.

In regard to the unapproved medical schools, first, I daresay that each of the sixteen is seeking approval from the American Medical Association; that the reason for their non-approval is lack of money to provide the further facilities required for a class "A" medical school. Second, it would be interesting to know why of the 185 graduates of these schools who were successful in their 1940 examinations before State Boards, 98 (over one half) were in Massachusetts and 48 (about one fourth) were in Illinois.

The 1940 location of graduates from medical faculties abroad offers an interesting and possibly a useful field of inquiry. Of the total 1,012 such successful applicants for a State's license to practise, 945 were thus registered through examinations and 67 by "reciprocity or endorsement." The State to absorb the largest number of the 1,012 was New York. It accounted for 557, nearly one half of the total foreign doctors. Illinois was next, with 119, or almost one ninth. Massachusetts was a close third, with 117, again nearly one ninth of the total. While Texas was fourth, with 41, New Jersey was a close fifth, with 39, and Ohio sixth, with 35. A more graphic representation would be to say that of these 1,012 foreign doctors in the United States, only 57 opened offices west of the Mississippi River, and just 16 in the one-time Confederate States.

At first, one is tempted to say that financial limitations account for 955 of these doctors remaining in the eastern part of the country. This reasoning is slightly upset by the fact that 41 of the 1,012 foreign graduates are now in California. However the chief concern of the public in regard to the districts chosen by *immigré* doctors is, first, the help they offer to localities needing more medical service and, secondly, the avoidance of competition with native doctors. Only a general study can be had of these problems as the place of practice of newly licensed doctors is not recorded. However, statistics for States are furnished in the same magazine from which I have been quoting.

Some light is thrown on the first point, the need

for more doctors, by the fact that the following States received no or only one addition to their medical profession through *licentiates* issued in 1940: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah, Wisconsin, Wyoming. Of these 21 States, is it exaggerating to say that two-thirds of them each need a dozen or more doctors?

As for the second point raised above, competition with native doctors, we can limit the consideration to the three States which in 1940 licensed the largest number of foreign doctors: New York: 557 foreign; 504 native doctors; Illinois: 119 foreign; 399 native doctors; Massachusetts: 117 foreign; 229 native doctors. In the case of New York the 1940 figures represent a large increase over the additions of 1939, which were 497 foreign; 665 native doctors. Likewise for Massachusetts, which in 1939 had only 66 new foreign and 280 native doctors. Finally, Illinois shows the same trend. In 1939, it had only 80 new foreign doctors and 405 native ones. Being a layman in medical matters, I commend this problem to the American Medical Association.

Over a period of six years, these two States have given a similar disproportionate number of licensures from medical schools unapproved by the American Medical Association: Massachusetts, 435; Illinois, 392. The State to rank third in this group is Ohio with 138. There are two striking contrasts in this picture. First, the next two States, namely the fourth and fifth in numbers of licensures from medical schools unapproved by the American Medical Association over this six year period, are New York with only 55 such licensures and New Jersey with 37. After that the highest number for any State is 14. Second, Ohio's 138 was a five-year period, as in the sixth year, 1940, the Buckeye State gave no medical licensures from schools unapproved by the American Medical Association. While Ohio's drop is phenomenal in itself and due probably to the State's lack of unapproved medical schools, it is in line with the general trend to the disappearance of applicants from such schools. In 1940 there were 9 fewer licensures from these schools than in 1939.

Another group in medical licensures is that of the graduates from Schools of Osteopathy. While their number of licensures is small (114 in 1940), it shows a vigorous growth. Here the leading States (six years) are: Texas, 270; New Jersey, 192; Colorado, 103; Massachusetts, 82.

A final group which should be mentioned and deserves thorough study is that of the undergraduate and graduate negroes in medical education throughout the United States. They fell to a low of 350 students in 1938-39.

By the way, do you know the average age when our American doctors begin to practise? It is 26. His average death? 66. The most usual cause of his death? Heart trouble. For all figures in this article I am indebted to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, May 3, 1941.

COOPERATION WITH NON-CATHOLICS

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

FOR some months, the question of Catholic cooperation with non-Catholics has been discussed in the columns of *AMERICA*. The Editor has requested me to tell why I am convinced that the National Conference of Christians and Jews is good for Catholics, and good for the nation in which we live.

To meet and to correct the outrage of anti-Catholic hate and persecution, and the denial of natural rights to Catholics in the United States was a primary reason for the establishment of the Conference. The idea of bringing together face to face leading citizens of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish people emerged in the early 1920's when the Ku Klux Klan was riding high. Catholics should appreciate this fact. The KKK was the last of four serious rioting hysterias against Catholics in one hundred years of American history. The Nativist fanatics in the 1830's, the Know Nothings of the 1850's, the American Protective Association of the 1890's, together produced scores of anti-Catholic organizations whose literature distorted the truth about our Church. Their members were trained to hate our people, and their tactics injured our business, social and political relations. If the National Conference of Christians and Jews can be made to succeed, our children and our children's children need not suffer from such causes again.

The purposes of the National Conference have been stated as follows:

1. To analyze and allay prejudice arising among religious groups in the United States.
2. To establish a basis of cooperation for common ends while insuring the right of individuals and groups to differ.
3. To immunize the public mind and emotions against propaganda of misinformation and hatred by developing mutual understanding and appreciation—the only secure foundation for an abiding democracy.

The Conference does not seek uniformity of religious beliefs or any least common multiple of faith. It does not attempt to achieve its goal by weakening the distinctive loyalties and beliefs of its members. It does not hold that "one religion is as good as another." It does not aim at any sort of union or merger of religious bodies, nor does it undertake to represent official religious bodies.

The pressure for uniformity in certain European countries becomes intensified in our days. The pressure is not now for conformity to Catholicism or Protestantism or Judaism, but rather for a dissolvent of all these traditional supernatural religions in some new type of this worldly state religion, either Racialism (as in Germany) or mate-

rialistic Communism (as in Russia). The result promises to be an intolerance vastly more drastic and dreadful than any associated in times past with religion.

Indeed, the surest way of warding off just such supreme intolerance from our own country is to preserve and foster the respect for the fact of religious differences which obtains among us. We should not try to belittle religion or to seek a lowest common denominator for our various interpretations of it. That would only pave the way for a new uniformity and thence for a totalitarian state tyranny.

This will not lead to anarchy or to any weakening of the American state and nation, if two complementary principles are kept constantly in mind and acted upon: (1) members of each of our religious groups must have an informed respect for the convictions and behavior of members of the others; (2) members of all our groups can and must collaborate, as American citizens, in common secular tasks and responsibilities. More and not less devotion to one's particular religion, more and not less mutual understanding among us all. Such, in sum, are the crying needs for American defense against the latest and direct threat of intolerance—that of totalitarian intolerance.

This, in brief, is the spirit and purpose of the members of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. It is not an inter-faith movement, in the sense condemned by the Holy See. It is an acceptable medium for the necessary cooperation of Catholics and non-Catholics in allowable matters, along the lines called for by Pope Pius XI and Pius XII for common defense of our civilization against the forces of atheism and materialism.

It is completely in accord with the sentiments conveyed in a letter from His Eminence, Pietro Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, to Mr. Louis Marshall, of the New York Board of Education, dated February 9, 1916, in which he writes:

His Holiness rejoices in the unity which in civil matters exists in the United States of America among the members of different faiths and which contributes so powerfully to the peaceful prosperity of your great country.

At this juncture in our national life, when a war psychology is exacerbating prejudice and increasing tensions of many kinds there is more need for the ameliorating influence and activities of the National Conference than for many years. The Catholics in the Conference, then, strive for civic tolerance, not theological tolerance. This is the end for which the National Conference is working.

LITHUANIA'S TRAGIC PLIGHT UNDER MOSCOW'S TERRORISTS

ARTHUR BROWN

THE tragedy of Lithuania and of all the Baltic States has been somewhat obscured by the even greater tragedy of war. Otherwise, especially in America, people would cry out in horror against the ruthless and cruel persecution now going on in Lithuania.

Together with the huge Red Army marching into the country there came the famous Soviet OGPU, institution of cold-blooded murderers which immediately spread torture and the shadow of death over the country. In addition to mass arrests and deportations to Siberia, prisons and concentration camps were filled with innocent people. Unspeakable misery followed in the wake of economic Sovietization: lack of food and every-day commodities. Many similar aspects of Bolshevik rule are the hall-marks of the so-called "happiness" brought to the Lithuanian people by the Reds.

The leading purpose of the invaders appears to be the extermination of the intellectuals and of all patriotic people in order to break down the resistance to Communistic influence.

Immediately after the invasion, all political prisoners, most of whom were Communists, were released and the long black-list of the "peoples'" enemies was drawn up. Many of the leading officials and outstanding personalities were seized, some to be sent to Russia, others to be executed within the prison walls. The red hand of revenge first fell on Prime Minister Anthony Merkys; Minister of Foreign Affairs Joseph Urbsys; Vice Premier Casimir Bizauskas; former Commander-in-Chief of the army, Brigadier General S. Rastikis, who were arrested and then deported to Russia.

The next victims included former Prime Minister, the Rev. V. Mironas; Director of National Catholic Action, Dr. Dielininkaitis; Editor-in-Chief of the Catholic daily, Dr. I. Skrupskelis; Director of Catholic Youth, Dr. Leimonas; a number of regular and reserve Army officers and in fact all who were suspected of hostility toward Bolshevik principles. Most of these were arrested with amazing suddenness. While the individual fate of each may not always be known for certain, at least, it is clear beyond all doubt, that they were without exception rendered powerless to organize any effective opposition.

General Casimir Skucas, Minister of the Interior; Dr. Povilaitis, Director of the Security Department, were executed for their so-called lack of consideration for the Red troops; while former Prime Min-

ister Prof. Dr. J. Bistras was savagely beaten, cruelly tortured and then cast into prison where he succumbed.

Besides these, there were many suspicious cases of what the Government dubiously listed as "natural death" or suicide. Many of the Army and National Guard officers, unable to endure continuous accusations, threats, or tortures, suffered complete nervous breakdowns and killed themselves and sometimes their families. Such cases were reported as happening throughout the country, the deaths of Colonel Saladzius and Captain Ozelis serving as examples.

Deportations to Russia have already mounted to thousands. The list of martyrs of freedom is headed by almost the entire Cabinet, many leading Parliamentary members, the greater part of the General Staff, Mayors of greater cities, higher diplomats, writers, journalists, professors, lawyers, bankers, clergymen, and prominent private citizens who were in one way or another connected with politics or the social and religious life of the country. Recently from a very reliable source in Switzerland and Sweden we learn about further huge deportations of young Lithuanian students, workers, and even farmers into the wastes of Siberia.

Within a few months of the Communist invasion, the Lithuanian Army was subdivided into groups, poorly dressed in the Red uniform and sent to unknown bases in Central Russia. Even youths born from 1920-22 were taken into the Red Army for training and forced to quit their native land.

Of late, the "peace-loving" Muscovites have forcibly removed skilled workers from the Baltic States—especially Latvia—and set them to work on rush orders, alongside German workmen in the armament plants of Russia. Beside the general law that binds every worker to stay permanently like a slave at the workshop, an additional decree was recently issued granting the local commissars arbitrary powers to send skilled workmen anywhere in the U.S.S.R.

The banks, commercial and industrial enterprises were confiscated and their personnel replaced by the "qualified" directors, among them many employes who had been previously discharged and jailed for fraud. These new "directors" announced to the workers from the beginning that all these institutions would henceforth belong to the working class. Immediately, committees of the workers were organized and in order to "improve function-

ing" many political propaganda agents were appointed. All were trained in various Moscow "academies," not so much in the line of industry but rather in the art of undermining the traditional bourgeois system and bringing about its downfall. Now they are entrusted with the task of synchronizing all industry in the Soviet Republics.

These directors are small dictators who are appointed by Moscow, to whom alone they are responsible. They introduced a speed-up *stakhanov* system, which means that a worker is paid according to the amount he produces in a day, and not according to the time expended. As the wages are low compared to the cost of living the family man is forced to work like a galley slave in order to earn a livelihood, and this forced labor has resulted in many physical breakdowns. A year before the invasion the local Communists had organized strikes in order to shorten hours, but now under the "Peoples'" government they work from fourteen to eighteen hours a day in order to support their families—and they do so without complaint.

The cost of living, especially with the introduction of the Russian ruble, has risen to a fantastic level. It was the intention of the invaders to reduce the high standards of living in the Baltic Nations to the low standards of Russia, because otherwise the commissars could no longer delude the masses in Russia. In all this they have succeeded. Shops and markets are empty. Food is scarce and rationed, yet better than in Soviet Russia. Pork and butter have disappeared entirely in the cities. Food can be bought or sold only by those having a special license issued by the local commissars and it is now necessary to stand in queues the entire day and even all night to buy food or clothing.

Farmers must yield whatever land they possess in excess of the allotted sixty acres to be controlled by appointed managers, until such time as the collective farms can be organized. As a result production has fallen sixty per cent. This fact is admitted by the local Communist authorities in the recent newspaper issued in Kaunas.

As to religion, the Communists immediately began their persecution. One of the first laws they introduced was the compulsory registration of those intending to marry, while they further proclaimed that only those marriages which were performed by Government officials would be recognized. For the first time in Lithuanian history, divorce was introduced and rendered easy. All military, school, prison Chaplains were removed from their offices and their salaries discontinued. The Catholic presses were re-staffed and Catholic publications soon gave way to Communistic periodicals.

Later, they seized all Catholic buildings, schools, parish houses, rectories, convents, Bishops' residences. Even the Apostolic Delegate's home was seized and occupied by the Red officers and soldiers. Fearing that the Catholics would revolt strongly if they took all the churches at one time, they followed a gradual program of transforming these buildings into theatres, public halls and godless museums. A beautiful convent in Pazaialis, established by Saint Casimir Sisters of Chicago, Illinois,

was converted into a library and Government offices. The nuns were forbidden to wear their habit and were forced to return to the world.

If any Religious rebuked the local Communists he was punished personally and the church property of which he was in charge destroyed. In Raseiniai a famous monastery re-established by the American Dominican Fathers was also occupied by the Red Army. To show their hatred for all religious beliefs they demolished the beautiful altar in that church.

There were four seminaries in Lithuania that were also seized and transformed into barracks and club rooms where young people were invited and Communism and atheism were taught and encouraged.

All twelve Bishops were forced to leave their residences; two were arrested because the Communists were suspicious of their great influence over the Catholics.

Religious teaching was forbidden and even preaching in churches was classed as religious "propaganda" and therefore not allowed. Many religious, priests and laymen were forced to hard labor and anyone showing the slightest discontent was brutally treated while the young offenders were imprisoned for an indefinite period.

Besides all these persecutions they employ elaborate methods to spread materialistic atheism and the philosophy of Marx and Lenin among the entire population. For older people, they created thousands of Godless-Union clubs. All students have compulsory hourly periods, four times a week, devoted to Leninism and Marxism instead of religion. In the front of every assembly hall of the school there is enshrined either a picture or a statue of Stalin. Here the young Communist students, called pioneers, offer flowers or gifts in token of respect to their "great leader and master."

In Kaunas, the Lithuanian Institute of Learning was converted into the University of Leninism and Marxism, where the young students are steeped in Communistic beliefs and prepared for propaganda activities in Lithuania and foreign countries.

At first sight it seems that there is no hope, that the worst forces of evil in Europe have agreed to destroy every particle of freedom, to enslave every man and every nation not strong enough to defend itself against this sort of international gangsterdom.

However, Lithuania, a peaceful, hardworking and Christian country, has survived many invasions. As the people of the Lithuanian race have lived in freedom on the shores of their "White" Sea throughout thousands of years, so no force on earth will be able to keep them in chains of slavery forever. Passive resistance grows from day to day. Military and police forces of the Red aggressor have succeeded by vile treachery in overrunning and subjugating this country but it will be impossible for the despised and lawless vandals to hold this country when the smoke and the reek of war and of the terrible misdoings of the aggressors clear away. Justice will triumph!

RELIGION AND BIRTH CONTROL

ADVOCATES of public decency have found it opportune, at various times, to oppose pernicious legislation on purely technical grounds. If the method succeeds, useless controversy will have been avoided. When it fails, as was the case in regard to proposed birth-control legislation in Massachusetts, confusion may exist as to the issue.

In a unanimous opinion submitted to the State Legislature, the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled as constitutional an initiative petition for birth-control legislation "for preservation of health." The measure was opposed from the Catholic angle on the ground that it concerned a "religious issue," and as such was barred from legislative action by the provisions on such issues in the Massachusetts Constitution.

The Court, however, decided that the proposed statute was "permissive" and "neither commands nor prohibits" any form of religious practice.

The fact that the argument based upon the plea of a religious issue came to this unfortunate fate does not necessarily imply that it was not the most effective argument to use, presumably, in the Massachusetts instance. In legal, as in military battles, local circumstances will determine the choice of means. But the publicity given to this decision does imply a serious warning against making current the notion that the issue of birth-control is "religious," in the popular sense.

Nothing is more entirely pleasing to the professional birth-control propagandists than the notion that Catholic opposition to the practice of artificial contraception is a mere matter of internal ecclesiastical discipline. The Amish Brethren, for instance, use no hooks and eyes upon their garments. Catholics eat fish on Friday and—you see—oppose birth control. No broad-minded person will object to these peculiarities of Amishes or of Catholics. But we—the broadminded ones—expect Amishes and Catholics to be equally tolerant and not to impose their peculiar discipline upon others.

Birth control, however, is no "religious issue" in the aforesaid, sectarian sense. It is a fundamental moral issue. The practice of artificial contraception is simply a denial of the reality of human existence, since it leads by an inexorable fate to the annihilation of that existence. While the individual may practice it and live, no nation today can indulge therein and live. It cannot live physically, it cannot live economically. The birth-control-ridden nation is unable to defend itself against the vigor of peoples who in this respect observe the universal law of God. As pointed out by Dr. Bernard F. Landuyt of the University of Detroit (*Thought*, June, 1941) and Dr. Louis I. Dublin, leading expert on population problems, this practice induces precisely that "qualitative deterioration" which its advocates loudly profess to prevent.

Birth control is a national issue, a civic issue, a basic moral issue. It is religious only in the obvious sense that through the unerring voice of the Christian religion its iniquities are laid bare.

EDITOR

TOTAL DEFENSE

THE program for rearmament is thundering along. It must be completed in its entirety and with all possible speed. There must be enough ships of war to protect the American coasts in all oceans. There must be enough planes, of all classes, to keep command of the skies. There must be more than enough cannon, guns, ammunition, tanks and all army equipment not only to repel any enemy but to crush any attempt by any enemy. The United States can take no chances through unpreparedness in a madly fighting world. Materially, this nation is rapidly reaching a total defense security.

EMERGENCY AID FOR

SO many are the necessary burdens of the nation's defense program that no one can reasonably favor the imposition of needless trials.

An example of such imposition is found in a situation that affects Catholic schools and Catholic parents in localities where defense activities have suddenly created a large influx of new children to be educated. Realizing the burden that is thereby placed upon local schools, Senate Bill 1313 proposes charitably to relieve the distress. It purports "to strengthen the national defense and promote the general welfare through the appropriation of funds to assist the States and Territories in meeting financial emergencies in education and in reducing inequalities of educational opportunities."

Unfortunately, however, for the avowed purpose of the bill, precisely the contrary will be its effect in the case of parents whose consciences demand religious education for their children. Instead of reducing the inequalities of education, the limitation of the proposed Federal assistance to tax-supported schools lays a heavy burden upon the Catholic schools.

In a letter that has been sent to Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, the Rev. Dr. George Johnson, director of the N.C.W.C. Department of Education, tells the Committee that "it is not enough for Government to refrain from legislation that would prohibit the existence of non-public schools," but that the Government should refrain from creating a situation which would prevent Catholic

TOTAL JUSTICE

THIS material security, however, is not sufficient for the total defense of our country. It must be based upon the full consent of the people; it can be carried through only by the most generous cooperation of all classes. Never was there a time, therefore, when it was more essential that the rights of all individuals, of every race, group and class, should be preserved and respected as never before. It is the time to strengthen the spiritual foundation of our nation, not to weaken them by tinkering with even the humblest rights in the name of emergency.

FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

children from obtaining a Catholic education.

Dr. Johnson writes in the name of the N.C.W.C. Administrative Board of Bishops. He notes that the Bill in question "envisages two situations, one of which is an emergency created by the national defense program, the other a condition that has existed for a long time and which has been a national educational problem for many years." As a solution he proposes that "to meet the present emergency a special bill should be drawn up in which the allocation of funds should be made on the basis of the children, the funds following the children into whatever school they are enrolled, be it tax-supported or privately supported."

Nothing could be more unfortunate for the cause of defense itself than to utilize the present emergency "as a means of accomplishing a purpose concerning which there is a decided difference of opinion not only among the educators but among enlightened Americans everywhere."

There appears to be no logical reason why the special and temporary needs contemplated by the Bill cannot be met by measures that will safeguard the rights of parents. Such measures will not undertake to provide a drumhead verdict on a long-standing controversy which involves the elements of the freedom and well-being of citizens under our Constitution. We hope that all AMERICA's readers, already familiar with this controversy, will lend their personal support in speech and writing to the representations made by the Administrative Board.

PREPARING FOR WAR

BECAUSE Mr. W. L. Batt is deputy director of the Office of Production Management, considerable interest attaches to the radio address which he made last week. Mr. Batt's immediate purpose was to recommend that the funds for enlarging the national defense program should be raised from \$40,000,000,000 to \$100,000,000,000, but in the course of his remarks he gave a vivid picture of certain changes in our manner of living which will become wholly necessary, should the United States enter the war actively. It is Mr. Batt's opinion that with our war-munition industries fixed at their present rate, the United States cannot even begin to fulfil the promise which the American people have made "to provide all weapons for the defeat of those who would destroy democracy."

Exception might be taken to the assumption that such promises have been made "by the American people," but it is not difficult to catch Mr. Batt's meaning, and it is impossible to disagree with it. It becomes clearer day by day that unless this business of preparing munitions is geared to a much higher rate, we cannot think of helping others, for the simple reason that we shall be quite unprepared to defend ourselves in case of invasion. Precisely where the blame lies in the strikes which have hampered production is a question which, as yet, cannot be answered, but that the manufacture of munitions is not proceeding at a satisfactory rate, is an undoubted and alarming fact. In a special article published in the *New York World Telegram* for May 15, Mr. Charles T. Lucey, an investigator whose careful work vests his reports with authority, writes that labor troubles up to May, 1941 caused the loss of 1,700,000 man-days of work.

This estimate agrees substantially with the statement made a few days earlier to the Senate by Edward F. McGrady, labor consultant to the War Department. Comparing his own findings with those of Mr. McGrady, Mr. Lucey tells us what these labor interruptions mean in terms of munition-production. During these days of idleness, we could have manufactured 40,000 Garand rifles, 200 pursuit and 100 training planes, 3,000 50-caliber machine guns, 200 75-millimetre machine-gun carriages, 1,000 light tanks, completely armed, and 30,000 anti-aircraft shells. Probably Mr. Batt had these losses in mind, when he said that we cannot properly prepare for defense, with all which this implies, unless we have a speedy and "radical change of attitude" on part of "some people" in Government, labor and industry.

Undoubtedly, if the programs thus far announced by the Administration are to be carried out, the dead hand which seems to be laid upon our preparations for defense must be speedily lifted. Mr. Batt argues that we must build factories, even should these be perfectly useless at the conclusion of hostilities, that civilian production must be curtailed, despite "the fears of business," and that no matter what protests may be made by organized labor, longer hours and harder work must be im-

posed to the extent that they may be found necessary for adequate production of war materials. Mr. Batt is nothing if not frank. He does not hesitate to say that "Government and management, capital and labor, and every citizen, will have to contribute his share," and that if these contributions necessitate a change in our standards of living, we must be content to put up with lower standards as the price of national survival.

Mr. Batt is to be congratulated on his plain speaking. It sweeps away the miasma which obscures the statements of far too many men in public life, and allows the people to get a clear view of what is expected of them. War is not a series of sham-battles, at the close of which victor and vanquished sit down to a banquet. Preparation for war, if it is to be in any sense adequate, demands that we understand as exactly as possible, what war will cost in blood and money, and that we take such means as are available to reduce that cost, dreadful in any event, to a minimum. When a people think that they can wage war, and have business go on as usual, they are inviting ruin. There is little in our social and economic life which is exempt from drastic change in time of war, and not much more in the period of preparing for war.

Some way of stopping these unending labor troubles must be quickly found. What that way is, we do not profess to know, but one suggestion frequently made in these pages, may be repeated. Some sections of labor complain that since the munition manufacturers are heaping up exorbitant profits, the wage-earner should have his share. Illogical as is this demand for a share of the loot, wrested from over-burdened tax-payers, it is understandable. But why should the Government award contracts which allow an unjust profit?

Sooner or later, this problem, which assuredly does not seem freighted with difficulty, must be faced. Let it be faced at once, and solved in a manner which while relieving the public of unnecessary burdens, will assure a living-wage and decent conditions for the wage-earner, and a modest profit for the manufacturer.

THE GREAT LAW

THE fundamental law of all life is love of God above all things, and love of our neighbor for His sake. But because love of God and of man has grown cold in our modern world, countless millions mourn.

Following the constant tradition of the Church, Leo XIII taught that only in a return to the principles of the Gospel could we find a solution of our social and economic difficulties. Unless we turn to Jesus, and seek to know the wisdom of the Heart that loved mankind even to the Cross, we can never know peace.

In the month of June, consecrated by pious custom to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, may we learn to love one another, and to love all men, even those who are called our enemies. For in Him alone is our salvation, in Him alone, our peace.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

OFTEN in our reflections upon the Sunday Gospels, we have noticed Our Lord's patience in dealing with His Apostles. In the school of which He was the Master and they the pupils, He taught them the Kingdom which He had come to establish, and we may infer from a remark by one of the pupils (Saint John, xxi, 25) that He said and did many things in their presence which were not recorded by the Evangelists.

Yet they were very slow to learn. At the outset of His Sacred Passion, they forgot their promises of loyalty, and all except one ran away and hid themselves. After His blessed Resurrection, Our Lord continued to teach and exhort them, and while their Faith must have been greatly strengthened by this intercourse, their progress in real understanding of His mission was not great. Up to the very time of His Ascension into Heaven, they thought of the Messianic Kingdom as a temporal government in which they were to rule as princes of the people. As they went back to the Holy City from the Mount of the Ascension, they did not seem to be the material from which pillars of the Church, zealous preachers of the Gospel, men ready to lay down their lives in testimony to the truth, could be made.

But a marvelous change was soon to come over them. In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, xiv, 23-31) we read that Our Lord had promised to send them the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit of light and of love, to teach them all things, and to abide in them with His power. On returning to Jerusalem they went to the Upper Room, and there they remained, united in prayer with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, until the Paraclete should come to them. Suddenly with wonderment they beheld tongues of fire descending, "and they were filled with the Holy Ghost." (Acts, ii, 4.) No longer fearful, but bold in the Spirit, they began on that first Pentecost morning the Apostolic work which was to continue to the day of their death, and to be carried on in every part of the world by their successors in the one true Church to the end of created time.

To us also has the Holy Spirit of light and love been given. If our works are not the works of the Spirit, the reason is that by works of the flesh, we have so often grieved the Holy Spirit. "If any man love me, he will keep my word," Our Lord tells us in the Gospel for Pentecost. Our love has been a transient emotion rather than the deepest loyalty in our lives, and if we do not truly love Him, how can He, with His Father, and the Holy Spirit, make our hearts His abode?

The work of our sanctification is attributed to the Holy Spirit, because it is a work of love. He longs to enrich our souls with His Gifts, but we turn instead to the fleshpots of Egypt. As we assist at the Holy Sacrifice tomorrow, let us beg the Holy Spirit, the Father of the poor, the sweet guest of our soul, the best of all consolers, to warm our cold hearts with the flames of Divine Love, and to seal them to Himself forever.

CORRESPONDENCE

INTER-FAITH PROGRAMS

EDITOR: I was most interested in reading the article by Father Brophy entitled *An Open Letter on Inter-faith Meetings* (AMERICA, May 3). It happens that I am a Catholic, employed on the staff of the University Religious Conference. This is a California corporation composed of thirteen religious denominations, all of whom are members of the board of trustees, own common property and support a common budget to do work on the campus of the State University in Los Angeles, the Los Angeles City College, and to do the work of the National Conference of Christians and Jews in the community.

Father Brophy quotes from Father Parsons to the effect that no speaker on the Inter-faith programs is allowed to discuss points of faith. This is not true on any of the programs which are sent out by the University Religious Conference.

We have found, after twelve years of work with the various faiths, that we can work together only when we are willing to be honest with one another. Therefore, when a Catholic participates in any sort of program, he always makes perfectly clear his belief that the Catholic Church is the only true Church and that all others are right insofar as they are in agreement with the teachings of the Church, and in error wherever they are found to disagree. . . .

In our work we are certain to emphasize the points of conflict between the different faiths. However, we do not draw the inference that we should stop there. Granted these differences which are important, do we hold any truths in common?

We have come to the conclusion that there are many ethical and theological truths which we do, as religionists, hold in common. It is our job, then, to work wherever possible with those with whom we agree; and, when we disagree—which is often—to state our reasons and position clearly. . . .

I feel that Father Brophy is hitting at straw men. I believe that the participation by the Church in an organization such as ours, wherein many non-Catholics may meet the Church for the first time, wherein the doctrines and policies of the Church may be explained to non-Catholics under conditions of equality and of free interchange, wherein no policy of the corporation is undertaken unless it has the approval of all of the constituent groups, is a good thing. I am convinced that it is much better than the isolationism and ivory tower policy. . . .

If men do not hear the Church, how are they to believe? If men do not meet Catholics willing to discuss with them, how are they to hear? They will not come to our churches to hear; we must go to them.

Los Angeles, Calif.

STUART A. RATLIFF

DISCRIMINATION

EDITOR: Henry V. Moran (AMERICA, May 3) says that the discrimination against Negroes of which I complained "is as obvious as the remedy is obscure," and says further:

They (the Irish) had suffered persecution so intense for many generations that a mere discrimination here must have seemed to them a luxury. Adversity must have had a beneficial effect on them, for a disproportionate number of the names of newly ordained priests over a period of years indicates that they are the descendants of a persecuted people who never lost Faith in God, and even nourished some hope for the conversion of their oppressors.

As for Negro ministers, in the Protestant world, they are probably more numerous and in greater proportions than priests among the Irish. Whether Negro clergymen have the right doctrine is, of course, a question of more than racial importance. American Negroes lived among white Protestants, on the whole. In Catholic countries—for example, all of South America—Negroes are Catholics.

We might ask whether Catholicism is simply the religion for civilized races. If it is the religion for civilized races, by what standards can we argue that people who suffered persecution "so intense" can be set up as a superior race over against the Negroes who, too, were persecuted and held in bondage in the same period that other persecuted peoples were held in a state of peonage? And, further, if a number of Catholic schools in parts of the country where there are no legal impediments, continue to bar Negroes as students, how can Negroes be chided for not being Catholics if even Harvard will admit Negroes as students to any of its departments and divisions?

It would be unfair to me to leave it unchallenged that Negroes are taking to Socialism because of their lack of vision. In addition to the refusal of Catholic schools to admit Negroes there is the flat and unpleasant truth that certain trade unions have always prevented Negroes from learning trades and following them for a livelihood, and the horrible truth here is that many of these unions have been controlled by groups that were drawn from Catholic families, particularly the Catholic Irish. The unions I have in mind have had much to do with the building trades, with transportation and with the waterfront in the East. Further, that wherever Catholic workers have controlled affairs, there have we had noticeable Jim Crow policies. Mr. Moran says the Irish "never lost Faith in God and even nourished some hope for the conversion of their oppressors." I honor them for this, but I accept this for myself, too. Furthermore, I even nourish some hope for the conversion of white Christians to the brotherhood of man as to jobs!

New York, N. Y.

GEORGE STREATOR

LITERATURE AND ARTS

PHILIP BARRY, PARADOX AND POET

KATHERINE BRECY

THERE is rarely a Broadway season that does not see one of Mr. Barry's plays coming or going, successful or unsuccessful. And these dramas are often of the most extreme dissimilarity. Now there is nothing unusual, of course, about the so-called dual nature, in artists or anybody else. In these complicated days I suspect many of us have developed even octagonal personalities. But a literary gift that is dual, producing work not only contrasting but apparently even conflicting, is much less common. True, Sir James Barrie used to talk about M'Connachie, his other, sensible self who used to lecture him from the hearthrug. Yet not even Sir James could write fantasies like *Peter Pan* with one hand and brittle comedies like Noel Coward's with the other. But Philip Barry can—and being half Irish, enjoys the paradox of doing it.

He was born, as most theatregoers know by this time, in Rochester, New York, in 1896, with Celtic and Catholic backgrounds. He took his A.B. at Yale, served as secretary at the United States embassy in London during 1918-19, then returned to enter Professor Baker's Dramatic Workshop at Harvard. Here his play *You and I* was awarded the first prize in 1922. No one reading or seeing the drama today will be in the least surprised that it won this collegiate distinction: the astonishing thing is rather that it could have been written by a student of twenty-six with no first-hand experience of what is inclusively called "theatre." For it is a highly mature piece of playwriting, with the sure technique, the understanding sympathy and the brilliant dialog which were to remain distinctive parts of Mr. Barry's equipment at its best. If any carping exception could be taken to the play, it would probably lie in the almost-too-good-to-be-true quality of this dialog—as in such Wildean aphorisms as the remark that "most men lead lives of quiet desperation."

After this, the dramas followed one another with the regularity of our grandmothers' families. *The Youngest* appeared in 1924, 1925 brought *In a Garden*, 1926 *White Wings*, 1927 *John and Paris Bound*, 1928 *Holiday* (and with Elmer Rice, *Cock Robin*), 1930 *Hotel Universe*, 1931 *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, 1932 *The Animal Kingdom*, 1933 *The Joyous Season*, 1935 and '36 *Bright Star* and *Spring Dance*, 1938 *Here Come the Clowns*, 1939

The Philadelphia Story and 1941 *Liberty Jones*. In the main, these plays deal with people who contrive to be both witty and well bred, although their characters are varied enough to include (along with the usual lovers and young society people) a street-cleaner, a prize-fighter, an artist *manqué*, two entirely credible nuns, a prophet and saint, several variety "artists," and a set of allegorical impersonations. They also fall rather sharply into the classifications of realistic and sophisticated (*Paris Bound*, *The Animal Kingdom*, *The Philadelphia Story*), the imaginative or poetic (*John*, *Hotel Universe*, *Liberty Jones*), with a small group integrating the two strains.

In his special gifts of dialog and insight into feminine character, Philip Barry might be a younger and so more modern brother of Clyde Fitch, an American playwright whose range is not always appreciated. As with Fitch, we usually remember Barry's women better than his men: the diametrically different sisters of *Holiday*, the wife who is at heart the mistress and the mistress who is at heart the wife in that bitter *Animal Kingdom*, the young Mother Superior whose uncommon sense solves all her family's problems in *The Joyous Season*. It was characteristic of this dramatist to have personified Liberty in his latest experiment as a charming but fragile girl who "wants to live," but can only come back to life when she is loved. For he is not only an analyst, he is also a poet—as Eugene O'Neill is also, perhaps predominantly, a poet.

For this reason it seems a pity that these two contemporary dramatists should so often, when they turn to poetic or imaginative themes, throw overboard the dramatic technique they perfectly understand. For imagination in the theatre needs technique in order to get across, even more than realism needs it. Otherwise it becomes like those excited thoughts of which William Butler Yeats once wrote: "When I tried to do anything with them it was like trying to pack a balloon into a shed in a high wind."

In a recent informal interview, the present writer questioned Mr. Barry about the future of poetic, even definitely religious drama in this country, where, curiously enough, the most distinguished successes of the last few years in this line have been achieved by the medieval martyrdom of

Murder in the Cathedral and the naive Negro imagery of *Green Pastures*. By way of reply, Philip Barry cited the "unconscious resistance" of the average audience to the impact of imagination or the supernatural in the theatre. This half-puzzled resistance may be conquered by the sheer hypnotic beauty of the lines and settings, but is best overcome by generating a warm, human sympathy for the characters portrayed. In *Here Come the Clowns* this sympathy is roused passionately for the distraught Clancy. In the psychoanalytic *Hotel Universe* it is generated for the whole pitiful group of expatriates, frustrated by their loss of faith or love.

But unfortunately the people in *Liberty Jones* were all abstractions, except that delightful Irish nurse who came back from death to cajole and care for her ward, Liberty. One can be intrigued by Uncle Sam, badly henpecked by his wife Gloria, or by the representative of Big Business who wants to reform and turn out more "semi-usefuls." One can rise in indignation over the tyrannous Three, who, Mr. Barry explains, represent not so much the obvious contemporary dictators of Europe and Asia as those qualities in American life which play into the hands of Hitler, Stalin and "Musso." But it would be easier to mourn the death of the hero dreamer, Tom Smith, if his practical twin, Dick Brown (whom Liberty seems also to have married), were not still walking around the stage. And it is always hard to get excited over political outrages in a scene where symbolic dances revolve around a pair of lovers dreaming peacefully upon a park bench.

Yet if a little over-intricate, this modern morality play was a charming and tender fantasy which had no right to die after two weeks on Broadway. It was one more example of the present fad for a somewhat hybrid form—emotional play plus song and dance—and barring Miss Lawrence's electric personality, it had as good a right to succeed as *Lady in the Dark*. In fact, Mr. Barry's interpolated lyrics were so delightful that one rather wished the whole "fairy tale for city children" had been written in verse.

Judging from his past record, by which a play of the "cocktail school" follows fast upon the heels of an imaginative failure, Mr. Barry will soon give us some witty vehicle such as Katharine Hepburn carries to triumph. It is always a little amazing and sometimes a little regrettable how well he does this sophisticated business. There were a few lines in *The Philadelphia Story* and *Paris Bound* which seemed unworthy of Philip Barry's essential delicacy and essential brilliance, yet audiences made these his most overwhelming popular and financial successes. (Why, in asking what is wrong with the American theatre, do we not more often question the role of the American audience?)

But it would be a mistake to fancy that either play was entirely superficial. *Paris Bound*, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* and *The Animal Kingdom* are all *romans d'adultère*; yet in two of them the author acts as *defensor vinculi* and in none does he ever tolerate divorce as a solution of human prob-

lems, even for people who are presumably not Catholics. And he insists that the proud and sensual heroine(?) of *The Philadelphia Story* shall learn the lesson of humility from her own vagaries. So he remains implicitly "on the side of the angels."

What everyone who has Mr. Barry's future and the future of the American theatre at heart most wants to see is a closer integration of his two extremes—a play either wittily realistic or, if he prefers, symbolic in manner but with clear-cut spiritual motivation. That is to say, a play combining the delightful human reactions of *Holiday*, the incandescence of *Paris Bound*, the poetry of *Liberty Jones* and the mystical implications of *Hotel Universe*. Probably this difficult union has so far been most successfully achieved in *The Joyous Season*, but most supremely approached in *Here Come the Clowns*.

This play, in spite of occasional confusion and obscurity, is in many senses Mr. Barry's high-water mark in drama. Its method is as realistic as possible, and the group of crooks and eccentrics it brings together would delight any company of "character" actors. Clancy himself, the young Irish stage hand who has lost his wife, his child and his job and seems in the way of losing his sight and his reason, became a poignantly tragic figure in the fine simplicity of Eddie Dowling's interpretation. Standing hat in hand, half-boldly, half-apologetically before the theatre curtain, looking for God to ask why things happen as they do in life, he was not easily to be forgotten. And the later dialog with his sister-in-law is as eloquent and impassioned a sermon on free will as most of us are likely to hear. Yet New York theatregoers let the play be taken off as a financial failure, which "the road" never had a chance to see.

The Abbey Theatre, however, showed it, as it had shown *Hotel Universe*. And today, with Dublin as perhaps the only serious rival of New York as a producing center, we are back again facing those opportunities of American drama of which the Wise Men are constantly reminding us. They are most indubitably here: actors from all over the world, liberty of expression for the dramatist, a public stirred by the realities of defending freedom and not yet entirely hypnotized or entirely obsessed by the grim neurosis of war. Yet the closing season has been what it has been. . . . And the reaction of the immediate future nobody can foretell. It may be another wave of "realistic" defeatism, or an escape toward pure (or not so pure) comedy, since the murder epidemic has ceased to be much escape from the daily news. We may go on discussing world problems with idealistic overtones, or we may have a renaissance of religious drama, less by way of escape than in quest of some solution for this matter of living on the same globe together in peace and friendship.

In any case, Philip Barry happens to be so endowed that he can catch the public coming or going. He can even—if he wishes and if his audiences wish—make a valid and beautiful contribution to the American Catholic drama whose surface has as yet been scarcely scratched.

VIRGIN MOST PRUDENT

May after May I see by candlelight
Above an icon that I kneel below,
Her head in shadow nodding left and right,
Most sweetly and discreetly nodding No.

Year after year I must agree to let her
Decide what to provide me for my good;
Pray as I may, I cannot ever get her
To grant what would be wonderful if she would.

Spring comes, and little birds make warble.
Snow thaws, but not Our Lady of the Snows.
Tapers I melt before relentless marble.
Poems I write from what to live is prose.

LEONARD FEENEY

A DUNCE TO OUR LADY

Mother, I do not understand
(but I believe!—hand
On my heart but I believe!)
The deep, wise, theologian's prayers. They grieve
My crooked thinking. Twist me straight,
Immaculate.
Counsel my thoughts, O Merciful,
Prudent, plentiful
Of giving. Let my slow eye see
In thee,
As in a mirror or a star,
Wisdom reflected from thy far
Tall tower,
Unplucked, unfathomed flower.

(Mother, I do not know
If theologians say it so).

O source of grace,
In thy high place,
Who won
Us pardon with thy Son,
Keep thou my litany
From heresy!

RICHARD V. LAWLER

OUR LADY OF THE LAB

Mantled in vitriol blue upon a slab
Of glass she stands—Our Lady of the Lab.
Amid the strange array of vials and jars
Of rainbow liquids, crystal powdered stars,
No whit a stranger to synthetic skies
Where lightning sparkles, gaseous clouds arise
From test-tube, trough, from glass and illium.
She sheds a fragrance *sicut lilium*
Despite hydrogen sulfide. To her care
Consign the young Curies who dabble there,
Lest, greatest of all dangers, they should meet
The serpent acid-fanged beneath her feet.

SISTER MARYANNA

THE VISITATION

"... And Mary abode with her about three months . . ."
Luke I, 56

Elizabeth was weaving
Soft garments of white wool;
Her poor dumb love was dreaming
Dreams strangely beautiful,
Too shadowy for weaving now
Of small things made from cloth,
But always there is light enough
For weaving praiseful thought.

Elizabeth, Elizabeth,
You of the quiet eyes,
Can she who comes so softly
Awaken your surprise?
The tall girl lights the tapers
With silent, steady skill.
Is it flicker of fancy and candle
Which reaches out to fill
The room?

Or is it
The God within the Girl
Who watches the candle-gleams,
Her youth there seeing visions
While age is dreaming dreams?

MARY C. MCKENNA

VITA, DULCEDO ET SPES

The human eyes can now no longer see
her, woman tangible and living, real
as morning fresh upon the cheek, or steel—
Closer than the grace of memory,
More intimate than mist upon the sea.

And men have rarely rested once they feel
her like a sea-maid clinging to their keel
Of heart left drifting in an Odyssey.
The sailor follows her beyond the sills
of blue horizons splashed with setting sun;
for her the hunter hies across the hills;
and in her wake of solitude we find—the nun.
While Everyman in search of her goes on
from place to place where she has been and gone.

VICTOR R. YANITELLI

OUR LADY OF SORROWS

Though quiet and still, a pleasant place,
John's house, with unaccustomed trace

Of woman in it—yellow flower,
Copper shining; at evening hour

The delicate lilting treble run
Of psalm. But when John put her Son—

Her other Son—upon her palm
At Breaking of Bread, no flower, no psalm,

Nor busy hands could keep her eyes
From showing hidden tears that rise,

As if—he thought—in Hebron's vale
Sun shone through water over shale.

FLORENCE C. MAGEE

BOOKS

NO BLACK BUTT FOR BENEVOLENT REDS

HARLEM: NEGRO METROPOLIS. By Claude McKay. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3

THIS is a novelist's, a poet's, a journalist's description of Harlem. It is also that of a West Indian by origin: all the more significant, since he is completely objective in speaking of his own compatriots. As everyone asks questions about the sensational features of Harlem—cultists and occultists, honky-tonks and numbers, etc.—Mr. McKay gives his honest impressions of these and of the politicians. He tells the stirring story of Marcus Garvey, the Jamaican prophet with a genius for organization. A couple of mistaken judgments as to the psychology of the American Negro, thinks McKay, prevented Garvey from swinging the most stupendous popular movement that the world has almost ever seen.

Heart of Mr. McKay's interest is the desperate economic question of Harlem: that plight which exploded like a bomb in the so-called riots of 1935. Compared with the relative degree of self-subsistence that existed in the community in its earlier decades, the present situation of uncertainty, depressed living conditions and subjection to outside ownership of business and real estate makes it still a happy hunting ground for the Communist and Socialist. A few ameliorations there are, but they are as yet inadequate and piecemeal. McKay belongs to the ranks of those talented Negroes who, as he says, "gave the best of themselves to the Leftists," only to discover in the end that they had "no group influence in the radical movement, such as that enjoyed by the Finns, the Russians, the Poles and the Jews."

Claude McKay knows Russia. The crowd lifted him on their shoulders when he visited Moscow in 1922, "like a black ikon in the flesh." He was photographed along with Zinoviev, Bukharin, Kamenev, Radek, Clara Zetkin and other Red dignitaries (where are they all today?). "Russia," in his concluding words, "has a great lesson to teach. And Negroes might learn from it just what they should not do. They can learn enough at least to save themselves from becoming the black butt of Communism."

McKay has made, in his concluding chapter, an exceptionally sharp and generally accurate analysis of certain serious obstacles to Negro progress, particularly in the economic sphere. He will be popular with neither whites nor Negroes. But some will be converted to certain of his criticisms, particularly if there were less racial stress.

JOHN LAFARGE

...AND TELL SAD TALES OF THE DEATH OF KINGS

FRANCE SPEAKING. By Robert de Saint Jean. Translated by Anne Green. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

THIS is a diary, full of vivid incidents and stern aphorisms with great unity of impression. The author witnessed the tragedy behind the scenes at Paris. He is frank, objective, restrained, and carries no muck rake, though he holds that corruption in high places caused the fall of France.

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the man of action. He loved popularity, talked strongly on the radio to satisfy patriotism, but gave the people what they demanded, butter instead of guns. It was no secret in Paris that Reynaud's closest adviser was Hélène de Portes. The man was intelligent, but lacking in character. During the war, many of the 618 deputies were a liability; some were mere orators and critics, others ignored the war and were troubled only about re-election. At secret sessions, General Headquarters denied them important military information because their wives were talkers. Among those who counseled Reynaud, some were heard to whisper: "Something must be arranged."

The army was a closed corporation, jealously defending itself against new ideas and new men. Before the war Daladier was heard to remark: "What can I do about it? Gamelin doesn't like tanks." During the war the question oftenest heard at the Front was: "But where are our planes?" The people did not want war, and thought only of living, while Germany prepared for conquest. After Munich, Daladier was acclaimed at the airport, though he thought the people were there to stone him. Twice the author bewails the low birth rate of his country.

The diary grows in dramatic incidents. There is Reynaud paying homage to Joan of Arc, a scene that makes the author pen a jotting about "scepticism saluting faith, politics bowing before mysticism." Again, Reynaud, the rationalist stands before the deputies and says theatrically: "If you tell me that tomorrow a miracle alone can save France, then I will reply that I believe in miracles because I believe in France." And the diarist comments: "It was a thought invented by his ingenious mind, not a cry emerging from the depths of his soul." When gay Paris at last became serious, with the Germans at her gates, the statue of St. Genevieve was carried through the city, and rich and poor, men of the left and men of the right, fell on their knees and were united in prayer.

Paris falls, and the author laments with Jeremias: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!"

GEORGE T. EBERLE

HUMAN SPIRIT'S FIRE FLAMES AMONG ICEBERGS

THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN. By Russell Owen. Whittlesey House. McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$3

SINCE the days of the Greek philosophers, the theory of the existence of land-mass on the other side of the globe has fascinated the minds of adventurers and explorers. Because of inadequate facilities and extremes of climate, little was actually known of the Antarctic until about one hundred and twenty years ago.

The story of hazardous journeys into this unchartered land of icebergs is magnificently told by Russell Owen in his book, *The Antarctic Ocean*, the second in the "Oceans of the World" series.

Mr. Owen is a famous newspaper correspondent. He wrote *South of the Sun*, an account of the Byrd Expedition, which he covered in 1929. That splendidly equipped project was so widely publicized that readers everywhere felt that they knew all about the Antarctic, but Mr. Owen is of the opinion that each of the explorers is deserving of credit. As it would be impossible to tell of all these intrepid men in one volume, he has elected to describe only those who have contributed to the cumulative knowledge of this ice-bound region.

The men who attempted to penetrate beyond the fog and storms were imaginative and romantic, and were lured on by their dreams of discovery, rather than by any hope of material gain. The Antarctic has little to offer in the way of economic benefit, except in the whaling and sealing industry. An American, Captain

Nat Palmer, is credited with first sighting land in 1820. The English Captain Bransfield also saw the land at about the same time. The claims of James Weddell, in 1823, have been more disputed than those of any of the other explorers.

So, through the years, grows the list of brave navigators, who used all their strength and intelligence to conquer the mysteries of the South Polar region. Wilkes, Ross, Scott, Amundsen and Sir Ernest Shackleton are only some of the great names.

Mr. Owen gives facts, dates and degrees of longitude and latitude in compact and readable style; he does more, in giving a very fair and impartial estimate of these sincere men. The strong character, the heroism in disaster, the unselfish loyalty to the many unnamed seamen who shared in the perils, are all most beautifully stressed. The human element in the history of polar explorations will be remembered, when the facts and figures are forgotten. CATHERINE MURPHY

MANHOLD. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

WHAT Sheila Kaye-Smith has done for Sussex, Phyllis Bentley has done for Yorkshire. *Manhold*, covering the years 1720-1805, completes a series of studies of Yorkshire history in fiction form extending from 1625 to 1936. But while Miss Bentley's novels are regional in background they are universal in interest, for she writes of the struggles, the virtues, the vices common to mankind.

Manhold is founded on fact. It is a superb story, a powerful study of Sam Horsfall, a cloth manufacturer whose greed, pride and tyranny eventually cause the ruin of all his dreams; of Richard, his son, whose weakness makes his own life a series of failures and brings sorrow to those he loves; of Ann Gildersome, whose strength, misdirected and concentrated on revenge, brings upon her a destruction as terrible as her own ruthlessness to all who stood in her way. As the epilogue says, "It is indeed a strange wild story, this story of *Manhold*; a story of strong passions and harsh actions; a story of oppression, of revenge that became oppression in its turn and thus in its turn bred revenge and again oppression." Its theme is: *Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways.*

Miss Bentley has long ago established herself as one of the best novelists of our day; she has the supreme gift of the story-teller; she draws her characters with master strokes; she subtly and artistically drives home the lesson that an excess of worldly ambition blinds people to justice and charity and brings material and spiritual decay in its wake. This book is a tribute to Miss Bentley's great talent; that she wrote it while her country is suffering so intensely from the bitter fruits of the tyranny she so deplores is a tribute to her stout heart and valiant spirit. MARY L. DUNN

WARS OF FAMILIES OF MINDS. By William Lowe Bryan. Yale University Press. \$2

THIS volume is based on the Powell Lectures which William Lowe Bryan, President Emeritus and sometime Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at Indiana University, delivered at Indiana in 1940. "Families of Minds" (the phrase is Sainte-Beuve's) are groups of men who differ fundamentally in the kind of knowledge they seek and in their ways of searching for truth. Dr. Bryan is primarily interested in Science, Philosophy and Experimental Psychology and has attempted to place in categories the "warring" factions in these fields and build a bridge of understanding between them.

The author considers as "basic families of minds" such diverse groups as the unschooled man, the scientist, the higher mathematician, the metaphysician and the poet. Even within these groups, however, there are other basic families such as the Agnostic, the Materialist, and the Idealist. The resultant confusion and inability of these families to meet upon common ground is well presented and documented, especially in the fields of Experimental Psychology and the New Physics.

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Unfortunately, despite this excellent analysis, Dr. Bryan seems to be lost in this same labyrinth when there is question of attaining to any absolute truth. He believes that each of the different philosophies is a "partial revelation of reality" and true because it is based on the objectively diverse temperaments of men. Though he believes in God, he does not believe that common sense, science or philosophy can demonstrate His existence or "the real cause of any event whatever." In consequence, to bridge the gap between these warring families he can only plead for a broader understanding and sympathy with groups other than our own.

J. W. RYAN

ORPHANS OF THE PACIFIC: THE PHILIPPINES. By *Flor- ence Horn*. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.50

THIS moderately sized volume summarizes in popular style the present strategic importance in world affairs of the Philippines. The viewpoint is mainly that of the economic and military interests of the United States. But besides discussing purely economic and military matters, the author has also made an attempt to depict the modern social, political and religious aspects of Philippine life. With almost prophetic vision is foretold the inevitable collapse of the coconut, sugar and hemp industries of the Islands soon after their independence in 1946, when tariffs will be placed on all their exports to the United States. Will the complete withdrawal of the United States expose the Islands, together with the East Indies, to Japanese domination and thus deprive the United States, once and for all, of her much needed rubber, oil, and tin which the Orient supplies her today? The author thinks that this would, in all likelihood, follow.

Unfortunately, the book is by no means free from gross misconceptions concerning the Catholic Church and the Catholics in the Philippines. Exaggerated and sweeping statements on the people's social and economic standing cannot but be misleading to the general reader. Still, for one looking for concise information on the agricultural, industrial and mineral resources of the Islands this volume will serve as a ready reference. Significant are the concluding remarks in the book which may be summed up as follows: we really don't want the Philippines, but we must keep them if we wish to safeguard our interests in the Orient.

PABLO V. BARTOLOME

WHERE TO EAT, SLEEP, AND PLAY IN THE U. S. A. The Traveler's Windfall Association, Inc. Bronxville, N. Y. \$1.50

SHUT-INS and others who, like myself, love to travel but rarely can, will find a pleasant substitute in this brightly written combination of hotel guide and Baedeker. It is quite delightful, for instance, to know that in Vermont there are more milk cows than people, even if you count in Democrats, which is sometimes done, and that the first man in the world to eat a tomato resided in Newport, R. I. His name was Michael Corné, and in commemoration of his heroism the street on which he lived was named after him. Folks thought tomatoes poisonous, but not Michael, and he proved his point in 1883.

I have observed only two errors of fact, one that St. Louis is "smokier than Pittsburgh," a taunt that can no longer be hurled, and the other, a reference to the first school teacher in Kentucky as "he." This person was not "he," but Mrs. Jane Coomes, a Catholic, who presided in a log schoolhouse inside Fort Harrod as early as 1776.

One place which I hope to visit before I lose my last tooth, is a restaurant in a small town down South, where they put all the food on the table, and invite you to "reach right in, and he'p yo'se'f." The menu consists, in part, of three or four meats, half a dozen kinds of bread, several spreads, coffee, tea, or milk, and a dessert. After eating your way through this mass of provender, you try to get your hand into your pocket to pull out a fifty-cent piece, which pays for the feast, or, as you elect to make it, for the perfect gorge. **JOHN WILBYE**

ART

BECAUSE of the existant cultural dislocation, the more vital modern art is, of necessity, non-conformist. In addition to conformity with conservative or popular standards, there is also, it is to be noted, a conformity to artistic radicalism. This last has become something of a mode and as the hectic, Soviet-like hue fades from the face of this radical art, it reveals itself as a static and ingenuous type of artistic manner. The lack of freshness in approach has begotten in it a variety of minor art that is characterized by a preponderance of energetic manner and a minimum of individualized content.

This feeling of undue conformity is my reaction to the International Water Color exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. Very few of the pictures that are exhibited fail to escape the classification of good. There is plenty of excellent painting and ample knowledge of the water color medium. In this respect the show takes on a character of expertness. Retrospectively considered, however, it all merges into a monotone of pseudo-radical modernism and of popular painting style.

The sardonic paintings of Reginald Marsh are something of an exception. Dedicated as these are to depicting the more debased side of city life, they impress by reason of the profundity of the artist's personal, sardonic reaction to that aspect, and because of their painting quality. That this aspect is one of unabashed animalism is apt to create a feeling of moral revulsion. A failure to sugar-coat viciousness, however, is often regarded as a greater offense than vice itself. These pictures are predominantly illustrative, which limits them as art, but the sardonic reality of the presentation is rare enough to make this painter a notable one.

In contrast, the satirical paintings by Adolf Dehn seem self-conscious efforts, clever as they are. A water color entitled *Players*, by Maurice Sievan, combines a sensitive feeling for personal types and situations with unusual ability at tonal simplification. This sensitive and individual delineation of types is also recorded in the work of Stephen Czoba, and a landscape exhibited by James Lechay displays a freshness in handling that stimulates curiosity about his other work. Mitchell Saportin, Henry Varnum Poor and George Groz are exceptions to the prevalent monotony, but the artistic prestige of the last two is scarcely substantiated by what they have chosen to exhibit. The decorative group of figures by Robert Brachman demonstrates this painter's academic classicism, which gives his work a solidity that is in agreeable contrast to some of the paintings that are shown.

Most of this work in the International show is minor art, using that modifying adjective as it is employed in the term minor poetry. Minor in this sense is by no means derogatory, but is intended as a very general classification. The portraits by Boris Mestchersky, now at the Bonestell Gallery, also comes within this classification. Some of these are in pencil, others in fresco. It is possible that my feeling that pencil drawings are more legitimately suited to portraits, which are moveable elements, makes me prefer these drawings to his fresco portraits. In both media, however, he displays a thorough-going technical proficiency which he has employed in producing a subjectivized type of portraiture.

The general impression derived from this work is that of Slavic melancholy. His sitters are not, of course, out of Tchekov, but they give one the idea that they might be in accord with the listlessness and frustration of the characters in *The Cherry Orchard*, or *The Three Sisters*. This lack of alive robustness is consistently maintained and it constitutes something of a personal, artistic quality. It is not a quality, however, to which I respond, which probably limits my appreciation of this artist's talent and style.

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THEATRE

THE HAPPY DAYS. If Zoe Akins' excellent adaptation of Puget's *The Happy Days* had opened at Henry Miller's Theatre two or three years ago, most of us would have chuckled over it and alternately wiped away a tear. Now the world has swung away from us, and the delicate humor and tenuous plot of the play seem to belong to another age. Probably it should not. The very young are still with us and still falling in love. The trouble with *The Happy Days* goes far deeper than the play. Such days seem not to belong even to youth in times like these.

There are many pleasant things a just critic must say about the little comedy. It is a charming bit of work, well written and admirably directed and acted. It has to do with a subject in which we should all be interested—that of the love affairs of the young characters. They are five cousins, three girls and two boys, temporarily picnicing on an island in the St. Lawrence river. No grown-ups are there to cramp their style. They are as free as air, and all ready for self-expression. Two mild little love affairs develop among them. Then a handsome aviator lands on their island, and all three girls promptly fall in love with this dashing *deus ex machina* who creates a problem instead of solving it.

The results are entirely proper, but very French in their psychology. The aviator is a man in his late twenties or early thirties. He knows by heart the games of love and life. He handles the difficult situation with each girl with consummate tact—a fact which shows the dispassionate observer that he is emotionally indifferent to every one of them. The two younger girls take the little encounter very seriously. In no instance, however, is it really an "affair." It consists in sitting around on chairs and divans and talking the matter over far into the night. But it becomes too complicated for the aviator, who hurriedly fades out of the picture. At the discovery of this, the oldest girl is left in tears as the final curtain falls, and the two younger ones are rapidly awakened from their dream of love.

All the parts are admirably played. Edward Ashley as the aviator succeeds in making the young girls in the audience understand how the three girls could have loved him. The girls themselves, Barbara Kent, Diana Barrymore, and Joan Tetzel, are all they should be as embodiments of youth, charm and innocence. The two younger lads, Bernard and Oliver, played by Frederick Bradlee and Peter Scott, who have had the three girls to themselves till the aviator appears, give fine interpretations of youthful adolescence.

Diana Barrymore, who is swinging upward in the stage world very fast, as indeed she should, is especially delightful as Marianne. The characters are so vague in their general outline, however, that it is left to the director, Arthur Ripley, and to the young actresses themselves to give them marked individuality—which they do successfully.

As all the action of the play is laid within sixteen or eighteen hours, not very much can really happen, and in fact very little does happen. Even when one of the young girls rushes out into the night, with the supposed intention of hurling herself over a cliff in her heart-hunger, no one takes the episode very seriously, though Joan Tetzel acts the scene appealingly.

The producers of the play are Raphael and Robert Hakino. They should have given it to us several years ago, when it was making a hit in the English provinces and the war was not making such a tragic mess of the world. One cannot help feeling that it is an incongruous dramatic patch in the crazy quilt of today when such pleasant, inconsequential and human situations seem sadly anachronistic. ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

MAJOR BARBARA. Bernard Shaw, like all propagandists, picks his opposition as carefully as his own position, so that, in this comedy, he finds it remarkably easy to demonstrate the superiority of his own brand of vitalism over religion by ridiculing a de-Christianized ideal of Service. The ecstatic practicabilities of the Salvation Army delight his irreverent sense of humor as he invents an heiress-major who devotes herself to the Limehouse poor but loses her faith in religion when the Army's slogan of "Fire and Blood!" proves flexible enough to accommodate firewater and bloodshed, symbolized by gifts from the whiskey and munitions kings. But Shaw's amoral Life Force, masquerading as the heroine's materialistic father, reveals to her the baseness of charity and "the bribe of Heaven." The Shavian message is garbled somewhat, but his distaste for the ever-present poor, his dream of the survival of the fittest, and his materialism are plain enough, and the Utopia conjured up by the munitions-maker is characteristically slick and soulless, with Indifferentism reigning in its after-thought temple. Shaw's pacifism and anti-patriotism are "adapted" in preface and picture to beguile the times. On this score, Shaw, to use his epitaph on the death of a London play censor, "has at last joined the majority." He feels safe, of course, in attacking religion, but he has a healthy fear of war-time impatience. Gabriel Pascal's direction succeeds only partially in relieving the intolerable talkiness of the script, but Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley and Robert Newton give a fine reading of the plotless play. Although the Salvation Army is ostensibly Shaw's target, the film is in reality an attack on religion itself, albeit an unreal and transparent one. If enough Christians realized the author's thesis, the film would meet a *well-merited sudden death*. (United Artists)

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS. The foreign correspondent angle, with its natural by-product of propaganda, is underdressed in this film for the sake of eccentric comedy which borders at times on the farcical. A newspaperman returns from abroad to find that his wife has grown tired of being secondary to a headline and is contemplating divorce. He determines to undo the harm of his long absences and stops at very little in the way of nonsense to win her back. The story is unfolded at a smart pace and is engagingly played throughout by Merle Oberon and Dennis Morgan. This is good entertainment for adults. (Warner)

SINGAPORE WOMAN. This is a serious-minded little melodrama which manages to be moral in spite of unpromising circumstances, and a bit drab, also. A girl who is hounded by misfortune is retrieved from a Singapore café by a young man her father had befriended. He takes her to his plantation to give her a new start but she becomes a permanent fixture after one broken engagement and the convenient death of her blackmailing husband. The story is rather tawdry in atmosphere and Jean Negulesco has placed no reliance on humor. Brenda Marshall animates a dull part, with aid from Rose Hobart and David Bruce, but this is only a fair sample of adult romance. (Warner)

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU. There is a slight concession to novelty in this familiar reform story in the fact that its happy ending is only presumed. A convict, wounded in an escape, convalesces in the house of a kindly, sympathetic family. His regeneration is assured when he falls in love, so that he can face even capture with an eye to the future. Robert Sterling, Marsha Hunt, Paul Kelly and Fay Holden add sincerity to the thin story which is average fare for adults. (MGM)

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EVENTS

(BILL and Louie, taxi-drivers, are sitting in Bill's cab. Bill is glancing through a newspaper) . . .

Bill: Here's a hot one. They have an auction in Washington, and what do they auction?

Louie: What?

Bill: Whiskers. A whisker that growed on the chin of King George III. And some guy in Washington pays ten bucks for this whisker.

Louie: Ten smackers for one whisker. Sounds like inflation's here, don't it?

Bill: Well, mebbe, but it's a pretty old whisker, and old whiskers from dead kings come high.

Louie: Why does a fellow want some other guy's whiskers for? I got enough grief from my own fuzz without wantin' somebody else's.

Bill: It's culture, Louie. When a guy gets cultured, he's got to collect things. Some guys collect old monasteries, stamps, rocking chairs and so on. But this guy collects rare whiskers. Mebbe he's got whiskers from Napoleon, Julia Caesar—

Louie: Mebbe some from Babe Ruth. Well, if the guy gets a kick outa buyin' old hair, it's O.K. by me.

Bill: Here's one. The cops nab a guy in Arkansas. The judge says: "Who are you?" The guy says: "I'm a Free Frenchman." The judge says: "You mean you was a Free Frenchman," and they lock the guy up for panhandlin'.

Louie: An' I guess this judge is cultured an' collectin' Free Frenchmen.

Bill: Cut out the wise-crackin', Louie. Here it says a fourteen-year-old boy in Long Island washes his neck so hard he sprains it. Sounds fishy to me.

Louie: You're incredible, Bill.

Bill: I'm not incredible, Louie, but I never hear of no kid who thinks so much of a clean neck as all that. Here's somethin' else sounds phoney. It says last year eaters in restaurants give \$200,000,000 in tips to waiters.

Louie: If that was true, there wouldn't be any taxi drivers. They'd all be waiters.

Bill: Here's some more baloney. A astrologer says Rudolf Hess beat it on May 10, because he's a Taurean—

Louie: A what?

Bill: A Taurean, and he waits till he sees Venice movin' toward Taurus, an' then he starts the airplane motor.

Louie: What's Taurus.

Bill: Taurus is a star and Venice is a star an' . . .

Louie: Venice is a town.

Bill: It's a town and it's a star. An' if Hess falls for that astrology tripe, he's bugs.

Louie: Don't you believe in nothin'?

Bill: Sure I do. Here's one. A police commissioner and another big cop are pinched for plottin' to rob a bank. There's something a guy can believe. D'ya remember Jonah, the guy a whale swallowed?

Louie: Sure.

Bill: Well, here's a professor from the University of Chicago. The professor says to himself: "I'm about the same size as Jonah. I'm goin' to see if a whale can swallow me." So what does he do? He crawls down into a dead whale's stomach.

Louie: What a guy!

Bill: The professor says there is plenty of room inside, an' this shows a whale wouldn't have had no trouble in swallowin' Jonah.

Louie: Jonah woulda had the trouble. Mebbe so, but how is it you believe this an' don't believe about the stars?

Bill: Well, Louie, suppose you got shipwrecked and was swimmin' around in the ocean at night, with a big whale right near you. What would be worryin' you: what the stars was doin' or what the whale was doin'?

Louie: I guess I'd be worryin' about what the whale had in mind.

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